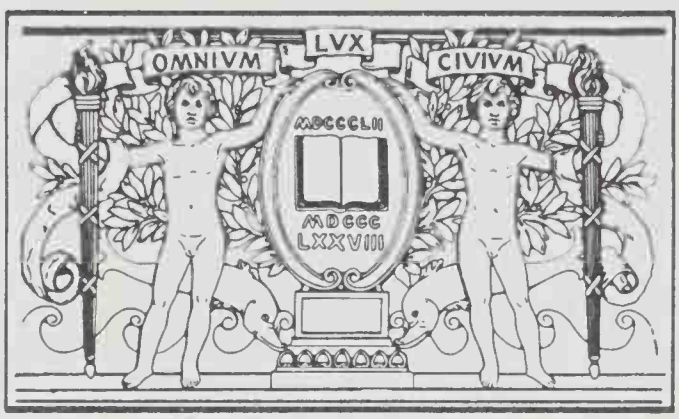
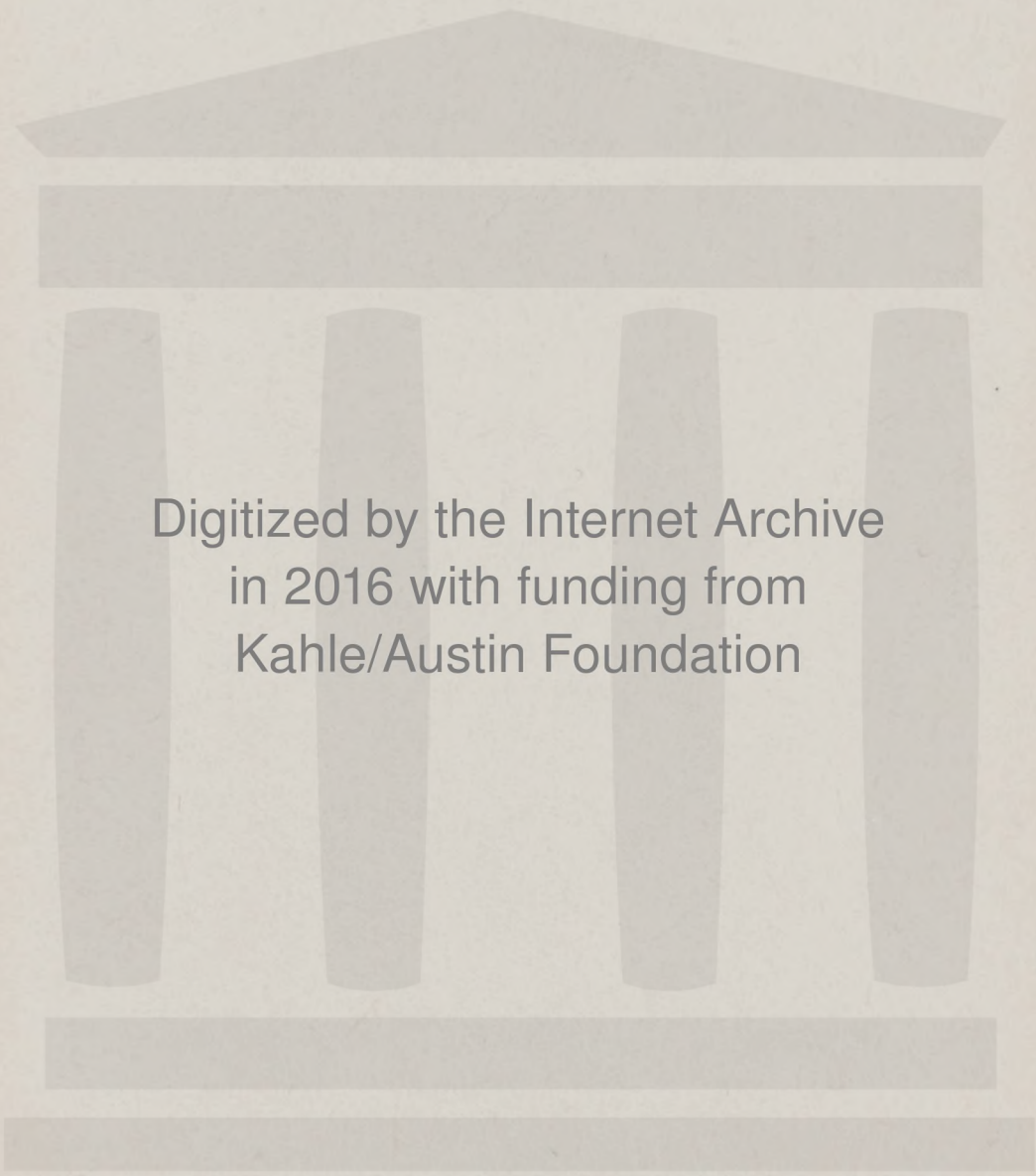



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/louiseboganwoman00smit

# LOUISE BOGAN

## A WOMAN'S WORDS

BY WILLIAM JAY SMITH

# LOUISE BOGAN

## A WOMAN'S WORDS

A Lecture Delivered at the Library of Congress May 4, 1970
by William Jay Smith, Consultant in Poetry in English
at the Library of Congress, 1968-70
With a bibliography

Library of Congress • Washington • 1971

PS3503
.0195Z87
GL

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"The Sonnet (Remembering Louise Bogan)" by Daniel Hoffman, which was published in the Summer 1971 issue of *The Centennial Review,* is used by permission of Mr. Hoffman.

The obituary for Miss Bogan, which appeared in *The New Yorker,* February 14, 1970, and excerpts from "Journey Around My Room," which appeared in *The New Yorker,* January 14, 1933, are reprinted by permission of The New Yorker.

Miss Bogan's poems "Dark Summer," "Henceforth, From the Mind," "Kept," "Musician," "To Be Sung on the Water," published in *The Blue Estuaries,* Farrar, Straus & Giroux (New York, 1968); the excerpt from her essay "The Heart and the Lyre," which appeared in *A Poet's Alphabet,* McGraw-Hill Book Company (New York, 1970) copyright © 1970 by Ruth Limmer as Trustee; and excerpts of unpublished letters and essays are reprinted by permission of Miss Limmer.

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Smith, William Jay, 1918-

Louise Bogan: a woman's words.

Bibliography of materials by Louise Bogan in the Library of Congress: p.

1. Bogan, Louise, 1897-1970. 2. Bogan, Louise, 1897-1970—Bibliography. I. U. S. Library of Congress. II. Title.

PS3503.0195Z87 811'.5'2 70-37000

ISBN 0-8444-0008-4

For sale by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office
Washington, D.C. 20402 - Price 45 cents
Stock Number 3016-0017

# CONTENTS


Louise Bogan: A Woman's Words, *by William Jay Smith* ..... 1
Bibliography, *compiled by* the Reference Department of the Library of Congress ..... 23
Introductory Note ..... 25
Key to Symbols ..... 25
Works Published Separately ..... 27
Individual Poems ..... 29
Articles, Essays, and Short Stories ..... 30
Introductions, Commentaries, and Translations ..... 34
Book Reviews ..... 35
In *The New Yorker* ..... 35
In Other Periodicals ..... 70
Manuscripts ..... 70
Musical Setting ..... 78
Phonorecords ..... 78
Discs ..... 78
Tapes ..... 79

# Louise Bogan: A Woman's Words

BY WILLIAM JAY SMITH

When Louise Bogan died suddenly on February 4, 1970, at the age of 72, there were many tributes to her in the press. None of these said more about her in a direct and moving way and with an economy that matched the economy so characteristic of Miss Bogan's own work than that published in *The New Yorker,* the magazine with which she had been associated for some 37 years:

> The first poetry review that Louise Bogan did for *The New Yorker* appeared in the issue of March 21, 1931, and the last in the issue of December 28, 1968. In this magazine, between those two dates—that is to say, for thirty-eight years—poets good, bad, and indifferent came under a perceptive and just scrutiny. Out of what they did or didn't do with language she often constructed a kind of portrait of them of lasting value. Their work was also, when this was relevant, placed in a line of descent or a tradition. Aesthetic experiments were viewed with an open mind, inflation was punctured, and entrepreneurism was put in its place. At times, the exactness and lucidity of her criticism suggested that she was attempting to create a new kind of lyric poetry out of statements *about* poetry.

Louise Bogan was born in Livermore Falls, Maine. Both her parents were of Irish descent. Her father's father was a sea captain who sailed out of Portland. Though she returned to New England periodically, when she was tired and wanted to refresh her spirit, her home for most of her adult life was New York City. She lived quietly, almost anonymously, in Washington Heights, in an apartment full of books, with a photograph of Mozart's birthplace on one wall and, from a living-room window, a narrow view, between apartment buildings, of the Hudson River. She published six volumes of poetry and two

volumes of literary criticism. A third is now in the process of being printed. She also did a number of distinguished collaborative translations, which include Goethe's "Elective Affinities" and a selection from the "Journal" of Jules Renard.

All the literary honors that *are* an honor to receive she received.[1] To say that she was one of the finest lyric poets of our time is hardly to do her justice; her best poems have an emotional depth and force and a perfection of form that owe very little to the age she lived in and are not likely to go out of style, being a matter of nobody's style but her own. She was a handsome, direct, impressive, vulnerable woman. In whatever she wrote, the line of truth was exactly superimposed on the line of feeling. One look at her work—or sometimes one look at her—made any number of disheartened artists take heart and go on being the kind of dedicated creature they were intended to be. In defense of the true artist, she wrote:

Come, drunks and drug-takers; come perverts unnerved!
Receive the laurel, given, though late, on merit; to whom
and wherever deserved.

Parochial punks, trimmers, nice people, joiners true-blue,
Get the hell out of the way of the laurel. It is deathless
And it isn't for you.[2]

To certain elements of her life and work that are touched on here—and clearly by someone who knew her well both as a woman and an artist—I would like to return in a moment.

There were other tributes from poets old and young. One of the most interesting was a poem by Daniel Hoffman which presents her character in cameo; he read it at the Library of Congress shortly after her death:

THE SONNET
(Remembering Louise Bogan)

The Sonnet, she told the crowd of bearded
youths, their hands exploring
rumpled girls,
is a sacred

---

[1] Louise Bogan's final book of poetry, *The Blue Estuaries, Poems 1923-1968,* received neither the National Book Award nor the Pulitzer Prize; this injustice distinctly diminished the honor of both these awards in the eyes of many of her fellow poets.

[2] "Several Voices Out of a Cloud."

vessel: it takes a civilization
to conceive its shape or know
its uses. The kids
stared as though

a Sphinx now spake the riddle of
a blasted day. And few,
she said, who would
be *avant-garde*

consider that the term is drawn
from tactics in the Prussian
War, nor think
when once they've breached

the fortress of a form, then send
their shock troops yet again
to breach the form,
there's no form—

. . . they asked for her opinion of
'the poetry of Rock.'
After a drink
with the professors

she said, This is a bad time,
bad, for poetry.
Then with maenad
gaze upon

the imaged ghost of a comelier day:
I've enjoyed this visit,
your wife's sheets
are Irish linen.

Usually when a poet of Miss Bogan's[3] distinction dies, there has already over the years grown up around his or her body of work an even greater body of fact and fiction about the poet's life. So insistent was Miss Bogan, however, on maintaining her privacy during her lifetime, so reticent about making public any of the details of her private life, that on her death there was no residue of legend for her critics to call upon in writing about her; and that is just the way she wanted it. A collection of the major part

[3] I pronounce the name Bógan, although the correct pronunciation is, I believe, Bogán. Since people usually put the stress on the first syllable, she did also.

of her prose pieces was in her publisher's hands when she died and has now appeared (*A Poet's Alphabet,* New York, 1970). One of the editors of the volume, Robert Phelps, in the draft of an introduction, had made a number of personal references—all very laudatory—and had included an entertaining account of a visit he and she had made to Melville's tomb in the Bronx. Louise Bogan was adamant that the entire piece be rewritten and that all personal references be removed. John Hall Wheelock, one of Miss Bogan's oldest friends, spoke at the memorial service held for her at the Academy of Arts and Letters in New York on March 11, 1970.[4] Mr. Wheelock, quoting W. H. Auden's "In Memory of W.B. Yeats," said that on her death Louise Bogan, like Yeats, had become her poems. And yet another friend, Glenway Wescott, said to me later that it is time now that a legend begin to grow up around those magnificent poems which seem assured of a long life and which no biographical bits of information are going to damage in any way. I hope that I may be forgiven, therefore, for mentioning first a few personal details about this extraordinary woman whom I knew for almost 25 years.

When I first met Louise Bogan in 1947, she was for me already a living legend. I had discovered her poetry in the middle thirties in college. It should be remembered, however, that the woman poet who was then most admired by undergraduates was Edna St. Vincent Millay. Tennessee Williams, then Thomas Lanier Williams and a friend of mine at Washington University, wrote at this time a sonnet which concluded somewhat like this:

> Sappho, O God, has gone her soundless way,
> But spare us a while our glorious Millay!

When I discovered the poems of Louise Bogan in Louis Untermeyer's anthology and in the pages of *The New Yorker,* I looked up every piece of her work I could locate and everything, then very little, that had been written about her. Official biographies said only that she was born in Maine, attended the Girls' Latin School in Boston, and married Curt Alexander, an Army officer with whom she lived briefly in New York and later in the Panama Canal Zone. He died shortly after the birth of their only child, a daughter; she

---

[4]At this ceremony, at which I presided, the speakers were, in addition to Mr. Wheelock, Léonie Adams, Richard Wilbur, and William Maxwell; a statement from Allen Tate, who was unable to attend, was also read. I am indebted to the participants for their permission to quote extensively from a taping of this service, which is to be deposited at the Library of Congress.

later married the poet Raymond Holden, from whom she was divorced after a number of years. It was the passionate intensity and control in her work that appealed to me. I remember on my first trip to New York in the summer of 1938—on my way to France for three months of study—that I wandered into Scribner's and acquired a beautiful, signed copy of *The Sleeping Fury,* which had just been published. I read that book over and over night and day and quoted from it frequently during that summer, much to the disapproval of one or two young writers I then met, who looked down their noses at Louise Bogan and had good words only for W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, and C. Day-Lewis. I gave the book later to a young lady in St. Louis with whom I thought I was in love. She had experienced, if not a passionate interest in me, a passionate interest at least in the poetry of Louise Bogan. She became, many years afterwards, a well-known writer of detective stories, and I often wonder what happened to the book. I have many signed copies of Louise Bogan's work, but I wish I had that one back.

At the time we met in the summer of 1947, Louise Bogan was greatly appreciated among poets but had no great reputation with the general public. For some years her work had been neglected or overlooked, except by a few critics like Allen Tate and Yvor Winters. She had just been elected to the Institute of Arts and Letters, an honor long overdue. We met in Vermont at the home of Barbara Howes, who was to become my wife shortly afterwards. It was Barbara's magazine *Chimera* that had brought us together: Louise had been a contributor to that review, and a poem of mine had just appeared there. Barbara and I sat for hours at Louise's feet as she quoted poetry and regaled us with stories about the literary world—she always liked to quote Oscar Wilde's description of it as that "poisoned bowl"—that she disliked but that she knew so well. She spoke at length of the new work by her protégé Theodore Roethke, which was sure to make an impression, she said, in spite of its dependence on James Joyce.

Barbara and I left for Europe just after our marriage, and during our two years there we kept in touch with Louise. She was a marvelous letter writer. Often hers were very short letters—"very" she abbreviated as "v."—but little cameos of perceptive comment and feeling, like her poems, like her criticism. When we returned to Vermont, Louise was one of our first visitors. She came regularly, usually once in the summer and once again in the fall, and stayed

never for a period of more than four days. (She liked to quote the familiar proverb that guests are like fish; after three days they stink.) We looked forward to Louise's visits; it was always a time of wonderful talk and laughter that gave us both sustenance for months afterwards. Louise was a city person—she loved New York. But the country was important to her—the New England landscape, the sea and mountains that nurtured her poems. She loved it dearly, but she had at the same time a fear of the country, a fear of being trapped there. This feeling of delight in, and terror of, the landscape runs through all her poems. The fear of being trapped perhaps owed much to an experience years earlier when she and Raymond Holden were living in the foothills of the Berkshires. They drove back home one evening to find their country house burning to the ground and all her papers—her entire output since early school days—with it.

Louise did not like to walk, but she loved being driven, and we spent hours driving over the back country roads. We had a cottage on the place, and we tried for years to persuade her to walk up to see it. Ten years went by and she never got up there because we could not drive. What we did most during those days and nights was talk, and talk was always about poetry—hers sparkling with wit and studded with indignation. "Heavenly Dinah!" she would exclaim or, again, "Great God in the foothills!" And she was the only person I ever heard use those lovely expressions. She was a lapsed Catholic, but she did say strongly at times that she felt there must be some supreme power that had shaped all this universe. We always had the feeling that this power was one we could approach only in a civilized manner—in human terms—"Great God in the foothills!"

It was Louise Bogan who introduced Barbara and me to the lovely game of *bouts rimés*. This she had played with her friends Rolfe Humphries, Léonie Adams, Allen Tate, Ford Madox Ford, and others in the twenties. (*Bouts rimés,* of course, means rhymed ends: we would choose the end words, the rhyme scheme, and then as quickly as possible, each produce a poem. I understand that in some of the sessions in the twenties the poets played by the clock, seeing who could first whip off a sonnet. We were not quite that exacting about it but did try to be as quick as possible.) Louise was always fastidious about her writing. She used to say, looking over some of the surrealist rubbish that was then as now being poured out, that any one of us could write that kind of thing

in the middle of the night with our hands tied behind our backs. It was wonderful to see what she could produce within a few minutes—often lines of great beauty and depth as well as ones of great wit. Somewhere among my papers I have kept the best of these *bouts rimés;* I wish I had been able to find a few examples to offer. I remember a sonnet she wrote once with amazing speed, using the absurdly difficult rhyme words we had forced upon her. Entitled "Henry James," it concluded with a line that went somewhat like this:

He put on and took off and put on and took off his hat.

In a lecture last year, published in April in the special poetry issue of the *Quarterly Journal of the Library of Congress,* speaking of a writer's working habits, I told of a celebrated woman poet who had been staying with me once in the country. I did not then identify the poet as Louise Bogan, but I think I might repeat the story now since it was about her. Once when Louise was with us in Vermont, she and I went into a small country store to get some supplies. She wanted to purchase some paper on which to work. I offered her what was available—a filler of looseleaf notebook paper. She turned it down firmly and rather grandly, saying, "I could never write poems on paper that has holes in it."

During the period when Barbara Howes and I lived in Greenwich Village, we saw Louise more often. She would come down to dinner on the subway from Washington Heights and then in the early morning hours take a taxi back uptown. A friend of hers and mine has remarked that as an evening of conversation went on, Louise Bogan would become increasingly Irish. She did often come up with stories about her family. She told us a number of times that for years her mother had claimed there were a number of dishes which she could not prepare because she did not possess a double boiler. "Now you know that was silly," Louise said. "Never, never in your life lead a double boiler existence!" There was in Louise Bogan's conversation the same elegance that is in her poems. I have been listening during the past few days to her recordings in the Library of Congress Archive of Recorded Poetry and Literature. With her rich contralto voice, she has the most perfect enunciation that you will encounter among poets today: every consonant, every vowel, every syllable is given its proper value, and then there are the pauses around which the poems are constructed, all carefully observed. She says in her poem "St. Christopher":

The middle class is what we are.

And in her personal life she prided herself on her middle class background. When she received some unexpected but deserved honor, she would often remark, but of course only to her closest friends, "Not bad for a little Irish girl from Boston."

Louise Bogan was a warm and generous person, and although she was not easy to know, how rewarding it was to those who knew her well. She was independent, and although she loved seeing people, she did not like to see them in a casual manner. After several enraged and threatening telephone calls from irate, untalented poets whose work she had dismissed in the pages of *The New Yorker,* she had obtained an unlisted phone number. (She disliked the telephone and used it rarely.) I remember that in the early years of our friendship I sometimes called her when I was passing through New York, and each time she would say at once, "I'd love to see you, I'd love to see you, but I've just had a tooth extracted . . . ." After hearing this a few times, I was tempted to say that she wouldn't have any teeth left if she kept having them extracted; but what I understood was that she did not at the moment feel up to seeing anyone, even someone she approved of. We often met for lunch at the Oyster Bar in Grand Central Station, a favorite spot of hers near the New York Public Library, where she enjoyed working, and not far from the trains she loved. (Her daughter persuaded her to fly for the first time a few years ago. I met her after her first flight and she exclaimed, "I have flown through the air like a bird!" as if flying were the most natural thing in the world to a lyric poet. She never really learned, however, to like being *inside* an airplane.) With the trains at hand she felt secure, able perhaps to make a quick getaway if something dreadful developed and in the meantime to relax and enjoy the conversation and the seafood.

John Hall Wheelock tells of meeting Louise Bogan in the twenties when Scribner's, for which he worked as an editor, became her publisher. Scribner's brought out three of her books, but after several years passed, Mr. Wheelock says, her innate distrust of publishers—a distrust shared with Lord Byron and many other poets—asserted itself. She summoned him one day to meet her at a Child's Restaurant near the publishing house. Then for several hours he was forced to listen to the most terrible accusations. She told him that she was going to leave Scribner's for another publisher. "I don't feel like quarreling today, Louise," Mr. Wheelock pleaded,

"and if I did, I think I'd like to quarrel with William Carlos Williams, perhaps, or with Wallace Stevens or someone else, but not with you." Her sense of humor, however, had deserted her, and her decision was final. The house of Scribner lost one of its most illustrious authors, but Mr. Wheelock had not lost a friend. Yet for years afterwards, he says, she would sometimes in a mischievous mood taunt him in the presence of others with what she liked to call "our old quarrel." Even a few weeks before her death she introduced Mr. Wheelock at a meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters to an acquaintance and described him as the man who was her publisher before their quarrel.

Allen Tate, also aware of her independent spirit, says: "Louise Bogan ignored literary fashion, went her own way, and as early as the mid-1920's was a lyric poet in the Elizabethan-metaphysical mode—traditional yet wholly original. For the originality is not in the exacerbating image, but in the subtle and elusive vision. No influences can be discerned." It is indeed difficult to point to any clearly defined influences, but it may be interesting to try to pin down one or two. Louise Bogan and I collaborated a few years ago in compiling *The Golden Journey: Poems for Young People* (Chicago, 1965), a happy and rewarding venture for us both. Of our collaboration, in an unpublished account, she had this to say, and I think her remarks may give some clues to her early reading (she said many times that she could not remember what on earth she had done before she learned to read):

> One evening, as I remember, quite casually and in a completely unplanned way, we began the game of "Do you remember?"—and we soon were surprising each other by early enthusiasms which we discovered we shared. Tennyson's "Brook," for example, the first poem which had excited me, around the age of nine or 10. Chesterton's "Song of Quoodle," more or less lost in one of his prose books. An exquisite Kipling lyric, also more or less mislaid in *Puck of Pook's Hill.* The wonderful children's verse of Christina Rossetti and Elizabeth Madox Roberts. . . . We went on and on and sometime after midnight decided that we should do the anthology together.
>
> We had other meetings—one on the outskirts of the MacDowell Colony, where we spent some mornings and afternoons surrounded by piles of books which Bill had transported thither in a station wagon—separate works, for the most part,

of this poet or that—for we prided ourselves in *not* anthologizing from anthologies. We laughed a great deal; we were never for one moment bored; and we kept on "remembering."

We took our title from James Elroy Flecker, a poet we both admired. What Louise did not say here—but what she did sometimes relate to friends—was that because guests were not permitted within the MacDowell Colony itself I stayed at a fine motel just below it in a room overlooking a lovely millstream. It was here that Louise joined me each day to work on our anthology. The room was equipped with two extremely large double beds which were just the right height so that we could spread out all our books and materials in front of us. And the motel was equipped with a most efficient bar from which we could order cold drinks, and so looking over the poems and out over the stream, we spent several delightful days. Louise, with her New England sense of propriety, enjoyed the rather *louche* and suggestive notion of having compiled an anthology for young people in a motel bedroom with a younger man.

For the Library of Congress Festival of Poetry held in connection with National Children's Book Week last year, Louise Bogan, on a panel with William Cole to discuss poetry for children, chose to read two poems from *The Golden Journey*. The first, "Ferry Me Across the Water" by Christina Rossetti, she said, was one that means absolutely nothing, perhaps, but one toward which she felt a shock of recognition each time she came on it anew:

"Ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do."
"If you've a penny in your purse
I'll ferry you."

"I have a penny in my purse,
And my eyes are blue;
So ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do!"

"Step into my ferry-boat,
Be they black or blue,
And for the penny in your purse
I'll ferry you."

Louise pointed out that there are in this poem, simple as it is, overtones of death, the river of Lethe. These are the facts we realize

as adults but which the little girl who is speaking does not, and implicit in it is a kind of magic. The other poem she chose to read was one more explicitly concerned with death, "The Midnight Skaters" by Edmund Blunden. In this poem skaters are described on a frozen winter pond while death watches them from the dark waters below. The poem ends:

> Court him, elude him, reel and pass,
> And let him hate you through the glass.

It is significant, surely, that Louise, who had been severely ill not long before, should choose two poems on death.

Critics usually place Louise Bogan as a metaphysical poet, stemming from the 17th century, but it is well to remember that as a student at the Girls' Latin School she was nurtured on the poetry of the Victorian era, and to certain Victorian poets she never lost her allegiance. In teaching, she referred students constantly to "In Memoriam," a great poem that she felt was not sufficiently appreciated today. When asked how to get young people interested in poetry, she answered without hesitation: "Read to them until they can read themselves." There were in her day teachers—"women who were wild about poetry." She had one teacher who introduced the girls to the poetry of A. E. Housman, "who was," she said, "very hot stuff in those days." There was a good deal of nudging and giggling in the classroom, but the teacher insisted that this was *serious*. Another lesser figure whom she then discovered was Arthur Symons; and it was through Arthur Symons that she, like T. S. Eliot, discovered the French poets—Mallarmé, Laforgue, and, of course, Baudelaire. Another poem in *The Golden Journey* that she especially liked was "The Rainy Summer," by Alice Meynell:

> There's much afoot in heaven and earth this year;
> The winds hunt up the sun, hunt up the moon,
> Trouble the dubious dawn, hasten the drear
> Height of a threatening noon.
>
> No breath of boughs, no breath of leaves, of fronds,
> May linger or grow warm; the trees are loud;
> The forest, rooted, tosses in her bonds,
> And strains against the cloud.
>
> No scents may pause within the garden-fold;
> The rifled flowers are cold as ocean-shells;
> Bees, humming in the storm, carry their cold
> Wild honey to cold cells.

If we examine it alongside a poem of Louise Bogan's middle period, "Dark Summer," I think we can recognize certain parallels:

> Under the thunder-dark, the cicadas resound.
> The storm in the sky mounts, but is not yet heard.
> The shaft and the flash wait, but are not yet found.
>
> The apples that hang and swell for the late comer,
> The simple spell, the rite not for our word,
> The kisses not for our mouths,—light the dark summer.

Léonie Adams has spoken brilliantly of some of the early influences and directions in Louise Bogan's work:

> Louise Bogan's first book, which was called *Body of This Death,* had for its underlying theme the redemption of life as in art, music, poetry, and perhaps most of all in a kind of living, of choice. It appeared in 1923, almost 50 years ago, and the obituaries have all quoted poems from it—the ones I've seen. It was not then precocious to have a collection of poems at 25 or 26 although for some it was unwise; it *was* precocious to have a volume in which there was almost no taint of the ungainliness of youth. . . . I met Louise Bogan at about the time of its appearance and although I was dazzled by its accomplishment, I did not then realize—and perhaps it was not until just now when I was reading over all her work and thinking of her over the years that I named to myself—what was perhaps its most extraordinary precocity, her certainty of self-discernment as poet. Perhaps she herself was not aware of it then, but had made the secret compact—as in the old legendary bonds, unbreakable though made unawares—which came to light years later in the words:
>
> Ignorant, I took up my burden in the wilderness.
>
> Wise with great wisdom, I shall lay it down upon flowers.[5]
>
> . . . To say that the first book is still quoted from is not to say there is any lack of growth in the work. I think that each new book or portion of a book was an advance of the peculiarly living sort which becomes "apparent by invisible stages." . . . I wrote a time ago and feel as strongly or more strongly now that hers was an art of limits, the limits of the inner occasion and of the recognized mode. These are formal limits; but with the discernment of which I have spoken I should

[5] "After the Persian," part IV.

say she accepted with some others of the best of her poetic generation that that generation was not to be so abundant as its predecessor, and later within her work as critic she would welcome a generation that would be more abundant again. . . . I was not then aware that *she* was so aware that she must function not only as a poet of her own time but within the limits accorded a woman poet . . . For the poet of intensity, the lyric poet, awaiting the inner occasion, it is truly rare to manage those occasions with a continuing discretion and to work toward what is to be perfectly achieved and is in the central and tragic mode . . . There was still at the time not a little of the Matchless Orinda syndrome in readers of women's poetry. It was easy for one of her probity to avoid the mistakes some others had made—those she used to call (after the late Clinch Calkins) the "O God, the pain girls." There could not be the confusion of the role of woman and the role of poet, or any exploitation of the role of woman. She knew, moreover, that she should not model herself upon the women she admired and who were closest to her in time. But she read good women writers, contemporaries such as Viola Meynell, who were not poets but writers of prose and noted in them a marvelous delicacy and restraint at employing the feminine sensibility for the scene. There was no need for a woman to justify this attachment by a philosophy of nature or a metaphysic of angels: she took it for granted. Perhaps to respond effectively to whatever is—the landscape, the room, the scene around—is to love it perceptively, as we love people. This was a part of the feminine way, and one could easily be quite lax and overdo it. In the writers just alluded to, such perceptions were subsidiary to the larger narrative structure, and in the poem she would make them subsidiary to the sequence of unstated statement. Thus she could achieve the lyric intensity without indulging, because it was natural to her, the true voice of woman's feeling.

Louise Bogan herself had much to say about the role of woman as poet. In 1947 she wrote in an essay, "The Heart and the Lyre":

> Certainly it is not a regression to romanticism to remember that women are capable of perfect and poignant song; and that when this song comes through in its high and rare form, the result has always been regarded not only with delight but with a kind of awe. It is a good thing for young women to

bring to mind the fact that lost fragments of the work of certain women poets—of Emily Dickinson no less than of the Sappho quoted by Longinus as an example of "the sublime"—are searched for less with the care and eagerness of the scholar looking for bits of shattered human art, than with the hungry eyes of the treasure hunter, looking for some last grain of a destroyed jewel. Though she may never compose an epic or a tragic drama in five acts, the woman poet has her singular role and precious destiny. And, at the moment, in a time lacking in truth and certainty and filled with anguish and despair, no woman should be shamefaced in attempting to give back to the world, through her work, a portion of its lost heart.

And in an unpublished essay, written in 1962, entitled "What the Women Said" (first delivered as a lecture at Bennington College), she went into greater detail on the subject of women poets:

To tell the truth, there is very little that one can say about women poets, past, present, and (presumably) to come. One truth about them is an open secret: when they are bad they are very, very bad, and when they are good, they are magnificent. . . . The problem of the woman artist remains unchanged. Henry James, in *The Tragic Muse,* spoke of "that oddest of animals, the artist who happens to be born a woman." Robert Graves has more recently said that women poets have a distinctly difficult problem, since they must be their own Muse. Farther back in time, in ancient manuscripts, in inscriptions chiseled into rock and marble, in ideograms, in hieroglyphics, and, of course, in print, the discussion has gone on: woman's nature, her place in society, her charm and her wiles, her physiological and economic dilemmas, her open and her hidden powers—attracting, from men and women alike (but chiefly from men), overweening praise as well as blame; temper, contempt; false and true witness; and spite. . . .

In this remarkable essay Louise Bogan discusses many aspects of women writers and calls attention in particular to certain prose writers such as Dorothy Richardson and Virginia Woolf. She has also certain sharp words for Simone de Beauvoir, in the pages of whose large book *The Second Sex* she was, she felt, at one point in her reading trapped:

Mme. de Beauvoir cherishes, in the deep recesses of her existentially trained self, a dislike, even a contempt, for the

enigmatic, the intuitive, the graceful, the tender, the opalescent, the mercurial side of women's nature—the side that truly complements the virtues of the male. The side that has always been involved centrally in the production of women's art, the side that contributes, as one critic has said, "to the deeply feminine appeal and enchantment of Berthe Morisot's [and Mary Cassatt's] pictures"; the side upon which the great women poets have drawn; the side which sustains the great women novelists. This feeling is reinforced as, just before we close the book, we glance at its formidable index. I recommend to you, on some afternoon of rain and incipient boredom, the perusal of this index, and the ticking off of the names of women artists listed therein. The gaps and *lacunae* are shocking.

She mentions a number of them, and among the most shocking, she says, is that of Louise Labé, one of the greatest French women poets, known in the city of Lyon as *la belle cordelière,* because she was the wife of a ropemaker. Louise Labé, whom Louise Bogan very much admired, wrote some of the finest and most passionate sonnets in any language. Louise Bogan concludes with some careful admonitions:

In women's deportment, we can agree, the brutal, rough, swaggering, masculinized gesture never, somehow, works, the cigars of the young George Sand and the middle-aged Amy Lowell to the contrary notwithstanding. And in her writing, the gentle, tender, nurturing feminine nature certainly precludes ultimate coarseness and harshness, either in tone or in choice of material. Women have never succeeded, for example, in writing true surrealism, except, perhaps, in the case of Djuna Barnes (who is more Joycean than surrealist)—a style closely involved with the hallucinatory, the shocking and the terrifying effect; with the calculated irrational and the direct or indirect erotic. A younger generation of women poets has allied itself with "far-out" poetic procedures; unsuccessfully. For (and I have looked into this subject with some care) these younger women writers, although published side by side, in anthologies and elsewhere, with their far-out brothers, cannot bring themselves to use Anglo-Saxon monosyllables of a sexual or scatological kind. They swear a little, instead—even Mary McCarthy, even Caitlin Thomas. (An exception to this rule has recently appeared in England. In her long and rather chaotic novel *The Golden Notebook,* Doris Lessing, born in Persia and

brought up in Southern Rhodesia, permits herself every license of language. I recommend the results to your attention.)

Fortunately, this limitation in vocabulary does not mean that young women writers today are in any way limited in regard to subject matter. In fact, only recently a young woman of 19 broke through several taboos formerly prevalent in the British theatre. This was Shelagh Delaney, whose play *A Taste of Honey* after a great success, both in London and New York, has been made into a most poignant motion picture. "Down from Salford came this splendid young prophetess," Colin MacInnes, in *Encounter,* recently remarked.

Like all prophetesses Shelagh Delaney tells the truth—her own truth, both observed and suffered through. For in the case of the woman writer and particularly of the woman poet, every lie—every fib, even—shows, like a smutch on a child's (or on a woman's) cheek. We can, perhaps, at this point draw up a short list of tentative rules. First, in literature (or in any other art) women must not lie. Second, they must not whine. Third, they must not attitudinize (in the role of the *femme fatale* least of all). And they must neither theatricalize nor coarsen their truths. They must not be vain, and they must not flight or kite in any witch-like way. Nor, on the other hand, go in for little girlishness and false naiveté. Nor "stamp a tiny foot at the universe."

So far as form is concerned, they should consider themselves free to move about unhampered by strict rules, keeping in mind, however, the fact that women can be, and have been, superb technicians. Perhaps the long *souffle—the big machine,* as the French say—is not for them; on the other hand it may lie ahead of them, in the discernible future.

Louise Bogan adhered so rigidly and so brilliantly to her own critical principles that any poem chosen at random from her work serves as an example of her artistic probity. When she speaks of the *Don Giovanni* of Mozart as refracted "as though from a dark crystal," she might be speaking of her own poems. All the great joy of her life—and its great sorrow (and there was terrible suffering toward the end)—"has been translated into treasure. . . ." [6]

Music—"speech proud in sound"—is central to her work. Barbara Howes has said of Louise Bogan that she was "so finely honed by her writing and sensitivity and lifetime of addiction to reading that

[6] "After the Persian," part III.

she was almost a musical instrument." The poem "Musician," in both substance and form, speaks eloquently of what Louise Bogan calls elsewhere "the ordered strings":

Where have these hands been,
By what delayed,
That so long stayed
Apart from the thin

Strings which they now grace
With their lonely skill?
Music and their cool will
At last interlace.

Now with great ease, and slow,
The thumb, the finger, the strong
Delicate hand plucks the long
String it was born to know.

And, under the palm, the string
Sings as it wished to sing.

This poem represents one of the most extraordinary achievements of sound that I know in modern poetry. Note the vowels—the short *i* sounds throughout; and the rhythm hovering between two and three beats to the line; and then the final sense of the actual plucking of the strings. It is a poem about resonance that resounds in the mind long after it is read. And, of course, the poem is much more than just music about music; it is about the artistic process itself, which Louise Bogan examines in so many of her poems, and about the artist who has waited to return to his craft.

Another poem concerned with music is "To Be Sung on the Water":

Beautiful, my delight,
Pass, as we pass the wave.
Pass, as the mottled night
Leaves what it cannot save,
Scattering dark and bright.

Beautiful, pass and be
Less than the guiltless shade
To which our vows were said;
Less than the sound of the oar
To which our vows were made,—
Less than the sound of its blade
Dipping the stream once more.

Of this piece Richard Wilbur says: "This poem is very lilting, very lulling; it approaches pure music, yet it contains an implicit narrative and a specific mood, which if I read it rightly is a mood of consent to passion upon whatever bitter terms may be necessary." Mr. Wilbur is right in this connection, and he is right in saying, I think, that "as a poet faithful to the theme of passion Louise Bogan is more comparable to Ahkmatova than to many Americans of her time;" and here he cites "Kept":

Time for the wood, the clay,
The trumpery dolls, the toys
Now to be put away:
We are not girls and boys.

What are these rags we twist
Our hearts upon, or clutch
Hard in the sweating fist?
They are not worth so much.

But we must keep such things
Till we at length begin
To feel our nerves their strings,
Their dust, our blood within.

The dreadful painted bisque
Becomes our very cheek.
A doll's heart, faint at risk,
Within our breast grows weak.

Our hand the doll's, our tongue.

Time for the pretty clay,
Time for the straw, the wood.
The playthings of the young
Get broken in the play,
Get broken, as they should.

Louise Bogan, as I said earlier, wrote little in prose of an autobiographical nature, and the autobiographical elements in her poetry are carefully objectified. There is one notable exception—a piece called "Journey Around My Room," published in *The New Yorker,* January 14, 1933. (William Maxwell read this piece at the memorial service for Louise Bogan.) She took her title, of course, from the little classic *Voyage Autour de ma Chambre* of Xavier de Maistre, the 18th-century French writer. De Maistre, you remember, as an officer in the Army of Savoy, was confined for several

days to his barracks, and he wrote this brilliant book during that period. He describes the objects in his room, going from dresser to table to chair to bed, and each piece has its chapter. But, of course, what he is really doing is speaking of himself. And this Louise Bogan does as she describes her room in New York:

> The most advantageous point from which to start this journey is the bed itself, wherein, at midnight or early in the morning, the adventurous traveller lies moored, the terrain spread out before him. The most fortunate weather is warm to cool, engendered by a westerly breeze, borne from the open window toward the ashes in the grate. At midnight, moonlight lies upon the floor, to guide the traveller's eye; in the early morning, the bleak opacity that serves the traveller in this region as sun brightens the brick wall of the house across the yard, and sheds a feeble reflected glow upon all the objects which I shall presently name.

And she begins to name them as she goes around the room and then tells how she happened to come here in the first place:

> The steam shrieks out of the engine and smoke trails out, into the clear morning, from the smokestack, blotting out the willows and the mill dam. The conductor lifts me up to the step. That is the reason for my presence here. I took the Boston train in March, 1909.

Having almost made the circle of the room, she concludes:

> It is at this point, precisely when the end is in sight, and the starting point almost gained, that the catastrophe of the journey invariably occurs.
>
> For it is here, as I nearly complete the circle set, that at midnight and in the early morning I encounter the dream. I am set upon by sleep, and hear the rush of water, and hear the mill dam, fuming with water that weighs itself into foam against the air, and see the rapids at its foot that I must gauge and dare and swim. Give over, says this treacherous element, the fear and distress in your breast; and I pretend courage and brave it at last, among rocks along the bank, and plunge into the wave that mounts like glass to the level of my eye. O death, O fear! The universe swings up against my sight, the universe fallen into and bearing with the mill stream. I must in a moment die, but for a moment I breathe, upheld, and see all weight,

all force, all water, compacted into the glassy wave, veined, marbled with foam, this moment caught raining over me. And into the wave sinks the armoire, the green bureau, the lamps, the shells from the beach in Maine. All these objects, provisional at best, now equally lost, rock down to translucent depths below fear, an Atlantis in little, under the mill stream (last seen through the steam from the Boston train in March, 1909).

In all Louise Bogan's poems she explores those "translucent depths below fear." This is especially evident in the final poems of *The Blue Estuaries*. (*The Blue Estuaries* is, of course, a brilliant title, and no one was more conscious of titles than Louise Bogan. When Wallace Stevens published *The Auroras of Autumn* she said to me: "Here is a word that has been lying around for years, and no one has ever thought of using it: auroras! *The Auroras of Autumn*. Marvelous, isn't it?" She herself had found a word like "estuaries" that had been lying around for years and used it most effectively.)

As an epigraph to *The Sleeping Fury* (1937), which was retained in all her subsequent books, Louise Bogan used the lines of Rilke:

> Wie ist das klein, womit wir ringen;
> was mit uns ringt, wie ist das gross . . .
> (How small is that with which we struggle;
> how great is that which struggles with us.)

To give some sense of what a great woman has said, I will end with her own words—with one of the greatest of her poems (I think all poets who know her work agree that it is one that will unquestionably endure).[7] It has in it all the elements of her work; the seashell with its resonance, the earth, the sea, the movement, the music; it is a poem about poetry, about the poet who puts all of life, all her experience of the earth into poetry, and in the end becomes the earth itself:

HENCEFORTH, FROM THE MIND

> Henceforth, from the mind,
> For your whole joy, must spring
> Such joy as you may find
> In any earthly thing,
> And every time and place
> Will take your thought for grace.

[7] Both Mr. Wheelock and Mr. Tate chose it to read at her memorial service.

Henceforth, from the tongue,
From shallow speech alone,
Comes joy you thought, when young,
Would wring you to the bone,
Would pierce you to the heart
And spoil its stop and start.

Henceforward, from the shell,
Wherein you heard, and wondered
At oceans like a bell
So far from ocean sundered—
A smothered sound that sleeps
Long lost within lost deeps,

Will chime you change and hours,
The shadow of increase,
Will sound you flowers
Born under troubled peace—
Henceforth, henceforth
Will echo sea and earth.

# Bibliography

# INTRODUCTORY NOTE

This bibliography was compiled by staff members of the General Reference and Bibliography, Manuscript, and Music Divisions. It lists Bogan materials in the collections of the Library of Congress; works about Miss Bogan and her writings are excluded. Individual poems and articles are cited only if they are not known to be reprinted in one of Miss Bogan's books. References to reprinted book reviews have been retained if the original reviews were found to include more text than was reprinted. The reviews identified as brief notes are for the most part unsigned and could not have been identified without assistance from the offices of *The New Yorker,* which made the record of Miss Bogan's contributions available to the Library of Congress.

Arrangement of entries within each section is chronological; location is shown by call number for cataloged works and by symbol for materials held by custodial units. The compilation was completed in June 1970.

# KEY TO SYMBOLS

| | |
|---|---|
| CS | Central Services Division |
| Mss | Manuscript Division |
| Poetry | Poetry Office |
| Rare Bk. Coll. | Rare Book Division |

# WORKS PUBLISHED SEPARATELY

1
Body of this death, poems. New York, R. M. McBride, 1923. 30 p.
PS3503.O195B6 1923

Signed by the author.

—— Another copy. PS3503.O195B6 1923 Rare Bk. Coll.

2
Dark summer, poems. New York, C. Scribner's Sons, 1929. x, 72 p.
PS3503.O195D3 1929

—— Another copy. PS3503.O195D3 Rare Bk. Coll.

Presentation copy signed by the author.

3
The sleeping fury, poems. New York, London, C. Scribner's Sons, 1937. xii, 42 p. PS3503.O195S6 1937

Signed by the author.

—— Another copy. PS3503.O195S6 1937 Rare Bk. Coll.

4
Poems and new poems. New York, C. Scribner's Sons, 1941. xi, 116 p. PS3503.O195P6 1941

Signed by the author.

—— Another copy. PS3503.O195P6 1941 Rare Bk. Coll.

5
Works in the humanities published in Great Britain, 1939–1946; a selective list, prepared by Louise Bogan, the consultant in poetry, 1945–46. Washington, 1950. iii, 123 p. Z2001.U63

At head of title: U.S. Library of Congress. Reference Department. General Reference and Bibliography Division.

6
Achievement in American poetry, 1900–1950. Chicago, H. Regnery, 1951. 157 p. (Twentieth-century literature in America)
PS221.B56

Bibliography: p. [147]-150.
Signed by the author.

7
Collected poems, 1923–1953. New York, Noonday Press [1954] 126 p. PS3503.O195A17 1954
Signed by the author.

—— Another copy. PS3503.O195A17 1954 Rare Bk. Coll.

8
Selected criticism: prose, poetry. [New York, Noonday Press] 1955. 404 p. PN511.B54

9
July dawn. San Francisco, Poems in Folio, ᶜ1957. 1 leaf. Rare Bk. Coll.
A poem.
Accompanied by explanatory leaflet.
Broadside portfolio 2, no. 38q.

10
Collected poems. New York, Noonday Press [1959, ᶜ1954] 126 p. (Noonday paperbacks, N146) PS3503.O195A17 1959
First published in 1954 under title *Collected Poems, 1923-1953.*

11
The golden journey; poems for young people. Compiled by Louise Bogan and William Jay Smith. Woodcuts by Fritz Kredel. Chicago, Reilly & Lee [1965] xix, 275 p. illus. PZ8.3.B5996 Go
Chosen as one of 60 outstanding children's books of 1965 by the Children's Services Division, American Library Association.

12
The golden journey; poems for young people. Compiled by Louise Bogan and William Jay Smith. Woodcuts by Fritz Kredel. London, Evans Bros. [1967] xix, 275 p. illus. PZ8.3.B5996 Go 2
Signed by the editors.

13
The blue estuaries; poems, 1923–1968. New York, Farrar, Straus & Giroux [1968] 136 p. PS3503.O195B5
On cover: *LB; Poems: 1923-1968.*

—— Another copy. PS3503.O195B5 Rare Bk. Coll.

# INDIVIDUAL POEMS

14
Beginning and end. Poetry (Chicago), v. 20, Aug. 1922: 248–251. PS301.P6, v. 20

Contents.–Elders.–Resolve.–Knowledge.–Leave-taking.–To a dead lover.
"Knowledge" and "To a Dead Lover" have been published in collections.

15
Consolations of religion; by a reincarnationist. New Yorker, v. 2, May 22, 1926: 56. AP2.N6763, v. 2

16
Old divinity. New Yorker, v. 5, Dec. 14, 1929: 35. AP2.N6763, v. 5

17
The engine. New Yorker, v. 6, Jan. 3, 1931: 21. AP2.N6763, v. 6

18
Gift. New Yorker, v. 8, May 28, 1932:20. AP2.N6763, v. 8

19
Hidden. New Yorker, v. 11, Feb. 15, 1936: 20. AP2.N6763, v. 11

20
New moon. Nation, v. 145, Aug. 7, 1937: 153. AP2.N2, v. 145

21
Untitled. Poetry (Chicago), v. 51, Oct. 1937: 3. PS301.P6, v. 51

22
Five parodies. Nation, v. 147, Dec. 10, 1938: 624-625. AP2.N2, v. 147

Contents.–Imitation of a novel (or a prose poem) by Kay Boyle.–Evening in the sanitarium (imitated from Auden).–Imitation of a poem by Frederic Prokosch.–Empty lyrics: plain, fancy.

23
The catalpa tree. Song. Voices, no. 146, Sept./Dec. 1951: 8–9. PS301.V6, no. 146

"Song" has been published in collections.

24
St. Christopher. Art news, v. 57, Sept. 1958: 24. illus. (Poets on painting, 5) N1.A6, v. 57

25
To Wystan Auden on his birthday. Shenandoah, v. 18, winter 1967: 43. AP2.S528, v. 18

Alternate lines composed by Edmund Wilson and Louise Bogan.

## ARTICLES, ESSAYS, AND SHORT STORIES

26
Springs of poetry. New republic, v. 37, Dec. 5, 1923, pt. 2: 9.
AP2.N624, v. 37

27
True to the medium. New republic, v. 52, Oct. 26, 1927: 263–264.
AP2.N624, v. 52

28
Winter morning. New republic, v. 54, Mar. 14, 1928: 125.
AP2.N624, v. 54

29
Art embroidery. New republic, v. 54, Mar. 21, 1928: 156.
AP2.N624, v. 54

30
"Artists and models": through the stereoscope. New republic, v. 54, Apr. 11, 1928: 246–247. AP2.N624, v. 54

31
Hydrotherapy. New Yorker, v. 7, June 27, 1931: 18–19.
AP2.N6763, v. 7

32
Sabbatical summer. New Yorker, v. 7, July 11, 1931: 18–21.
AP2.N6763, v. 7

33
American-classic. *In* Schroeter, James M., *ed.* Willa Cather and her critics. Ithaca, N.Y., Cornell University Press [1967] p. 126–133.
PS3505.A87Z82

Originally published as a profile of Willa Cather in *The New Yorker,* v. 7, Aug. 8, 1931, p. 19–22 (AP2.N6763, v. 7).

34
A speakeasy life. New Yorker, v. 7, Aug. 29, 1931: 14–16.
AP2.N6763, v. 7

35
Zest. New Yorker, v. 7, Oct. 24, 1931: 16–19. AP2.N6763, v. 7

36
Sunday at five. New Yorker, v. 7, Dec. 12, 1931: 19. AP2.N6763, v. 7

37
Journey around my room. New Yorker, v. 8, Jan. 14, 1933: 16–18.
AP2.N6763, v. 8

38
The short life of Emily. New Yorker, v. 9, May 6, 1933: 21–22.
AP2.N6763, v. 9

39
The last tear. New Yorker, v. 9, July 22, 1933: 21–22.
AP2.N6763, v. 9

40
Conversation piece. *In* Short stories from the New Yorker. New York, Simon & Schuster, 1945. p. 141–144. PZ1.N48 Sh 3
Originally published in *The New Yorker,* v. 9, Aug. 12, 1933, p. 13–14 (AP2 .N6763, v. 9).

41
Coming out. New Yorker, v. 9, Oct. 14, 1933: 22. AP2.N6763, v. 9

42
Dove and serpent. New Yorker, v. 9, Nov. 18, 1933: 24–26.
AP2.N6763, v. 9

43
Letdown. New Yorker, v. 10, Oct. 20, 1934: 22–24.
AP2.N6763, v. 10

44
To take leave. New Yorker, v. 10, Jan. 26, 1935: 26–27.
AP2.N6763, v. 10

45
Poetesses in the parlor. New Yorker, v. 12, Dec. 5, 1936: 54, 57–58, 60, 62, 64, 66. AP2.N6763, v. 12

46
Viola Meynell. *In* Zabel, Morton D., *ed.* Literary opinion in America. New York, Harper, 1937. p. 390–396. PN771.Z2
Revision of three book reviews published in *The New Republic,* v. 55, June 27, 1928, p. 151–152 (AP2.N624, v. 55); Poetry (Chicago), v. 40, July 1932, p. 226–229 (PS301.P6, v. 40); and *The Saturday Review of Literature,* v. 1, Apr. 25, 1925, p. 703 (Z1219.S25, v. 1).

47
Poetry. *In* Stearns, Harold E., *ed.* America now; an inquiry into civilization in the United States, by thirty-six Americans. New York, C. Scribner's Sons, 1938. p. 48–61. E169.1.S774

48
The situation in American writing; seven questions (part two). Partisan review, v. 6, fall 1939: 105–108. HX1.P3, v. 6
Miss Bogan's answers to questions appearing on p. 103 of this issue.

49
The cutting of an agate. Nation, v. 148, Feb. 25, 1939: 234–235. AP2.N2, v. 148
On W. B. Yeats.

50
The defense of belles-lettres. Nation, v. 150, Apr. 13, 1940: 480–481. AP2.N2, v. 150

51
A note on "Jean sans Terre" [by Iwan Goll]. Partisan review, v. 7, July/Aug. 1940: 294–295. HX1.P3, v. 7

52
On the "Brooks-MacLeish thesis." Partisan review, v. 9, Jan./Feb. 1942: 41–43. HX1.P3, v. 9

53
Miss Bogan gives evidence. Nation, v. 158, May 27, 1944: 635. AP2.N2, v. 158
A letter to the editors of *The Nation* in response to critical remarks by Jacques Barzun published in this issue.

54
American timeless. Quarterly review of literature (Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.), v. 4, no. 2, 1948: 150–152. AP2.Q29, v. 4

55
Our country and our culture. Partisan review, v. 19, Sept./Oct. 1952: 562–565. HX1.P3, v. 19

56
The pleasures of formal poetry. Quarterly review of literature (Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.), v. 7, no. 3, 1953: 176–185.
AP2.Q29, v. 7
A paper presented at a conference, Experimental and Formal Verse, "held some years ago" at Bard College.

57
Reading contemporary poetry. English journal, v. 42, Feb. 1953: 57–62. PE1.E5, v. 42

58
Popular and unpopular poetry in America. *In* The writer and his craft; being the Hopwood lectures, 1932–1952 [by] Robert Morss Lovett [and others]. Ann Arbor, University of Michigan Press, 1954. p. 173–190. PN58.W7

59
[The unimaginative direction of our times]. *In* Baum, Stanley V., *ed.* Ἐστί: e e c; E. E. Cummings and the critics. East Lansing, Michigan State University Press [1962] p. 193–194. PS3505.U334Z56
Originally published in *The New Yorker*, v. 30, Dec. 11, 1954, p. 198, 201–202 (AP2.N6763, v. 30).

60
Homo additus naturae. Literary review, v. 3, spring 1960: 412–413.
AP2.L6377, v. 3
A contribution to an article entitled "Kazimierz Wierzynski: a Symposium."

61
On Richard Eberhart's "Am I My Neighbor's Keeper?" *In* Ostroff, Anthony J., *ed.* The contemporary poet as author and critic; eight symposia. Boston, Little, Brown [1964] p. 143–146. PS324.O83

62
The role of the poetry journal. *In* National Poetry Festival, *Washington, D.C., 1962*. Proceedings. Washington, General Reference and Bibliography Division, Reference Dept., Library of Congress, 1964. p. 29–32. PS301.N3 1962

Paper presented by Miss Bogan at the festival on the morning of Oct. 22.

## INTRODUCTIONS, COMMENTARIES, AND TRANSLATIONS

63
Eluard, Paul. Two poems. Partisan review, v. 6, fall 1939: 86–89. HX1.P3, v. 6

French and English.

Translations of "Sur quel mur suis-je gravé" and "Paroles peintes: à Pablo Picasso."

64
Hudson, William H. Green mansions, with an introd. by Louise Bogan. New York, Harper [1951] 261 p. (Harper's modern classics) PZ3.H8697 Gr 30

Introduction: p. v–xi.

65
Flaubert, Gustave. Sentimental education, the story of a young man. Introd. by Louise Bogan. [New York, New Directions, 1958, ᶜ1957] 588 p. (A New Directions paperbook, 63) PZ3.F618 Se 6

" 'Brentano translation' edited by Dora Knowles Ranous."

Introduction: p. vii–xiv.

66
Goll, Iwan. Jean sans Terre. Pref. by W. H. Auden. Drawings by Eugene Berman, Marc Chagall [and] Salvador Dali. Critical notes by Louise Bogan [and others]. Translations of the poems by Lionel Abel [and others]. New York, T. Yoseloff [1958] 190 p. illus. PQ2613.O474C52 1958

Translation of *La chanson de Jean sans Terre*.

Critical notes: p. 13–16.

67
Valéry, Paul. [Poems] Hudson review, v. 12, spring 1959: 92–93.
AP2.H886, v. 12

Translations by Louise Bogan and May Sarton.
Contents.–Birth of Venus.–Bather.–In Sleeping Beauty's wood.–Caesar.

68
Valéry, Paul. [Poems]. Poetry (Chicago), v. 94, Apr. 1959: 1–7.
PS301.P6, v. 94

Translations by Louise Bogan and May Sarton.
Contents.–Canticle of the columns.–Spinner.–To the plane tree.

69
Hawthorne, Nathaniel. The scarlet letter, a romance. With a foreword by Louise Bogan. Drawings by Jacob Landau. New York [Libra, 1960] 235 p. illus. (The Libra collection) PZ3.H318 Sc 93
Foreword: p. [ix]–xiv.

70
Jünger, Ernst. The glass bees. Translated from the German by Louise Bogan and Elizabeth Mayer. [New York] Noonday Press [1961, ©1960] 149 p.
PZ3.J928 Gl

71
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von. Elective affinities. Translated by Elizabeth Mayer and Louise Bogan. Introd. by Victor Lange. Chicago, H. Regnery, 1963. 305 p. PZ3.G552 El 2

## BOOK REVIEWS
## In *The New Yorker*

Miss Bogan reviewed poetry for *The New Yorker* for many years. With few exceptions, her reviews were published in a column headed "Verse." Such references below begin with the volume number. The Library's call number for *The New Yorker* is AP2.N6763.

### 1931-1935

72
The winter's verse. v. 7, Mar. 21, 1931: 80, 82–85.
Reviews Stephen Vincent Benét's *Ballads and Poems, 1915-1930,* Conrad Aiken's *John Deth, and Other Poems,* E. A. Robinson's *The Glory of the Nightingales,* and others.

73

Plagued by the nightingales. v. 7, Feb. 13, 1932: 62, 64–65.

Reviews nine books of poetry, including Louis Untermeyer's anthology, *The Book of Living Verse,* T. S. Eliot's *Triumphal March,* and *W,* by E. E. Cummings.

74

Half-pounds and other poets. v. 8, July 30, 1932: 39–40.

Reviews Ezra Pound's *Cantos,* Archibald MacLeish's *Conquistador,* the *Collected Poems* of Elinor Wylie, and others.

75

Snarling under the sofa, and other attitudes. v. 9, Feb. 18, 1933: 66–67.

Reviews ten books of poetry, including William Rose Benét's *Rip Tide,* John Masefield's *A Tale of Troy,* and *Taps: Selected Poems of the Great War,* compiled by Theodore Roosevelt and Grantland Rice.

76

The season's verse. v. 9, July 15, 1933: 46–48.

Reviews the *Collected Poems* of Hart Crane, D. H. Lawrence's *Last Poems,* Walter de la Mare's *The Fleeting,* and others.

77

Some months of poetry. v. 10, Apr. 7, 1934: 112–115.

Reviews the *Collected Poems* of W. B. Yeats, Archibald MacLeish's *Poems 1924-1933,* and others.

78

The season's verse. v. 10, Nov. 24, 1934: 110–112.

Reviews *Poems* of W. H. Auden, *Poems* of Stephen Spender, Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Wine From These Grapes,* and others.

79

The season's verse. v. 11, May 4, 1935: 81–84.

Reviews a two-volume set of the correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins, edited by C. C. Abbott, the *Collected Poems* of C. Day-Lewis, *Selected Poems* of Marianne Moore, and others.

80

The season's verse. v. 11, Nov. 9, 1935: 84–87.

Reviews *The Dog Beneath the Skin; or, Where is Francis?,* a play in verse by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood, T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral,* and others.

## 1936

81

The season's verse. v. 12, Feb. 22, 1936: 84–86.

Reviews Charles Williams' anthology, *The New Book of English Verse,* and others.

82
v. 12, Mar. 28, 1936: 88.
Brief notes on works by John Peale Bishop, Robert Penn Warren, C. Day-Lewis, Paul Engle, and Archibald MacLeish.

83
The season's verse. v. 12, May 23, 1936: 98–100.
Reviews T. S. Eliot's *Collected Poems*, and others.

84
v. 12, June 20, 1936: 72–74.
Reviews Stephen V. Benét's *Burning City*, John Masefield's *A Letter From Pontus*, Walter de la Mare's *Poems 1919-1934*, and *In Tract of Time*, by Helen Cornelius.

85
v. 12, July 25, 1936: 64.
Brief note on the *Collected Poems* of Vachel Lindsay.

86
v. 12, Aug. 15, 1936: 55–56.
Brief notes on Edgar Lee Masters' *Poems of People*, and others.

87
v. 12, Aug. 22, 1936: 71–74.
Reviews Sandburg's *The People, Yes* and Allen Tate's *The Mediterranean and Other Poems*.

88
v. 12, Sept. 5, 1936: 75.
Brief notes on *The Oxford Book of English Verse* and Audrey Wurdemann's *Splendour in the Grass*.

89
v. 12, Sept. 12, 1936: 104.
Brief note on *The Old House in the Country*, by Lizette W. Reese.

90
v. 12, Sept. 19, 1936: 107.
Brief note on *Man Answers Death: an Anthology*, edited by Corliss Lamont.

91
v. 12, Sept. 26, 1936: 92.
Brief note on Ogden Nash's *The Bad Parents' Garden of Verse*.

92
v. 12, Oct. 3, 1936: 82–83.
Reviews *Poems 1911-1936* of John Hall Wheelock, Frederic Prokosch's *The Assassins,* and *Calling Western Union,* by Genevieve Taggard.

93
v. 12, Oct. 17, 1936: 107–108.
Brief notes on works by Conrad Aiken, Joseph Auslander, Ford Madox Ford, and Edward Doro.

94
v. 12, Oct. 24, 1936: 87–88.
Brief notes on Wallace Stevens' *Ideas of Order,* and others.

95
v. 12, Oct. 31, 1936: 80–81.
Reviews A. E. Housman's *More Poems.*

96
v. 12, Nov. 7, 1936: 104.
Brief notes on Edward Weismiller's *The Deer Come Down* and Sara B. Field's *Darkling Plain.*

97
v. 12, Nov. 14, 1936: 144.
Brief notes on *Owl's Clover,* by Wallace Stevens, and *Anthology of Verse from the Yale Literary Magazine, 1836-1936.*

98
v. 12, Nov. 21, 1936: 112.
Brief notes on works by Witter Bynner, C. A. Millspaugh, and Ruth Pitter.

99
v. 12, Nov. 28, 1936: 96.
Brief notes on *An Anthology of World Poetry,* edited by Mark Van Doren, and Leonard Bacon's *Rhyme and Punishment.*

100
v. 12, Dec. 5, 1936: 158.
Brief note on Dorothy Parker's *Not so Deep as a Well.*

## 1937

101
v. 12, Jan. 2, 1937: 56.
Brief note on *Shakespeare's Sonnets,* edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke.

102
v. 12, Jan. 16, 1937: 72.
Brief note on Frances Frost's *Road to America.*

103
v. 12, Jan. 23, 1937: 72.
Brief note on *Collected Poems and Plays* of Rabindranath Tagore.

104
v. 12, Feb. 13, 1937: 75–77.
Reviews Auden's *On This Island* and *The Ascent of F6,* a play by Auden and Isherwood.

105
v. 13, Feb. 20, 1937: 80.
Brief note on Selden Rodman's *Lawrence: the Last Crusade.*

106
v. 13, Feb. 27, 1937: 84.
Brief notes on works by Laurence Whistler, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, and *The Poems of Emily Dickinson,* edited by Martha D. Bianchi and Alfred L. Hampson.

107
v. 13, Mar. 20, 1937: 108.
Brief note on *Address to the Living,* by John Holmes.

108
v. 13, Mar. 27, 1937: 84.
Brief notes on works by Winfield Townley Scott and Richard P. Blackmur.

109
v. 13, Apr. 3, 1937: 98–99.
Brief note on Louis MacNeice's translation of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus.

110
v. 13, Apr. 17, 1937: 99–100.
Brief note on *Eugene Onegin,* translated by Dorothea P. Radin and George Z. Patrick.

111
v. 13, Apr. 24, 1937: 96.
Brief note on the *Collected Poems* of E. A. Robinson.

112
v. 13, May 8, 1937: 89–90.
Reviews Euripides' *Ion,* translated by H. D., and *Selected Poems* of Dame Edith Sitwell.

113
v. 13, June 26, 1937: 75.
Brief note on *Hounds on the Mountain,* by James Still.

114
v. 13, Aug. 7, 1937: 51–53.
Reviews Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Conversation at Midnight.*

115
v. 13, Aug. 28, 1937: 60.
Reviews *The Poems of Jonathan Swift,* edited by Harold Williams.

116
v. 13, Sept. 4, 1937: 68.
Brief note on Phyllis McGinley's *One More Manhattan.*

117
v. 13, Sept. 11, 1937: 108.
Brief note on *51 Neglected Lyrics,* edited by Tom Boggs, and Ruth Lechlitner's *Tomorrow's Phoenix.*

118
v. 13, Sept. 25, 1937: 100–102.
Reviews six books, including A. L. Lloyd's translation of *Lament for the Death of a Bullfighter, and Other Poems,* by Federico García Lorca.

119
v. 13, Oct. 2, 1937: 84.
Brief notes on *Selected Poems* of Allen Tate and Robinson Jeffers' *Such Counsels You Gave to Me, and Other Poems.*

120
v. 13, Oct. 9, 1937: 100.
Brief note on *The Man With the Blue Guitar, and Other Poems,* by Wallace Stevens.

121
v. 13, Oct. 16, 1937: 104.
Brief note on Edgar Lee Masters' *The New World.*

122
v. 13, Oct. 23, 1937: 92.
Brief note on works by Margaret Haley, Jake Falstaff and Margaret Fishback.

123
v. 13, Nov. 13, 1937: 104.
Brief note on *The Book of Songs,* translated from Chinese by Arthur Waley.

124
v. 13, Nov. 27, 1937: 104.
Brief notes on *Three Greek Plays: Prometheus Bound, Agamemnon, The Trojan Women,* translated by Edith Hamilton, and *Voices From the Fields: a Book of Country Songs by Farming People.*

125
v. 13, Dec. 18, 1937: 125–126.
Reviews *Poems* of Louis MacNeice, Pound's *Fifth Decad of Cantos,* and a homage volume, *Recognition of Robert Frost.*

126
v. 13, Dec. 25, 1937: 54–56.
Reviews *The Desk Drawer Anthology; Poems for the American People,* compiled by Alice R. Longworth and Theodore Roosevelt.

## 1938

127
v. 13, Jan. 15, 1938: 72.
Brief notes on *Poems* of Rex Warner and Sandburg's *Smoke and Steel, and Slabs of the Sunburnt West.*

128
v. 13, Feb. 5, 1938: 68.
Brief note on Muriel Rukeyser's *U.S. 1.*

129
v. 14, Feb. 26, 1938: 76.
Brief notes on the *Collected Poems* of E. E. Cummings and *Victorian Street Ballads,* edited by W. Henderson.

130
v. 14, Mar. 5, 1938: 80.
Brief notes on works by Louis MacNeice, Dudley Fitts, and Raymond Holden.

131
v. 14, Apr. 2, 1938: 77–78.
Reviews MacLeish's *Land of the Free.*

132
v. 14, Apr. 9, 1938: 103–104.
Brief notes on Eileen Hall's *The Fountain and the Bough* and two anthologies, *The Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation* and *American Naval Songs and Ballads.*

133
v. 14, Apr. 16, 1938: 81–82.
Reviews *The Herne's Egg,* by W. B. Yeats.

134
v. 14, Apr. 23, 1938: 80–81.
Reviews Laurence Housman's *My Brother, A. E. Housman: Personal Recollections Together With Thirty Hitherto Unpublished Poems.*

135
v. 14, Apr. 30, 1938: 80.
Brief notes on Lindley Hubbell's *Winter-Burning* and a new edition of Milton's *The Mask of Comus.*

136
v. 14, May 7, 1938: 96.
Brief note on *Selected Poems* of John Masefield.

137
v. 14, June 4, 1938: 76.
Brief note on *Selected Poems* of John G. Fletcher.

138
v. 14, June 11, 1938: 72.
Brief note on Ogden Nash's *I'm a Stranger Here Myself.*

139
v. 14, July 23, 1938: 58–59.
Reviews *A New Anthology of Modern Poetry,* edited by Selden Rodman.

140
v. 14, July 30, 1938: 48.
Brief note on *The Verona Press Rhyme Sheets, 1–6.*

141
v. 14, Aug. 20, 1938: 63.
Brief note on *The Bright North,* by Abbie H. Evans.

142
v. 14, Aug. 27, 1938: 68.
Brief notes on *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads* and *The Silver Branch, an Anthology of Old Irish Poetry.*

143
v. 14, Sept. 17, 1938: 96.
Brief notes on works by Walter de la Mare and Marjorie Seiffert.

144
v. 14, Oct. 15, 1938: 96.
Brief notes on works by E. B. White and Ben Belitt.

145
v. 14, Oct. 22, 1938: 95–97.
Reviews Charles Henri Ford's *The Garden of Disorder,* Kay Boyle's *A Glad Day,* and others.

146
v. 14, Nov. 5, 1938: 88.
Brief note on *Collected Poems, 1918-1938* of Genevieve Taggard.

147
v. 14, Nov. 19, 1938: 116.
Brief notes on works by Robinson Jeffers, William Carlos Williams, and James Stephens.

148
v. 14, Dec. 24, 1938: 58–60.
Reviews *The Oxford Book of Light Verse,* and others.

## 1939

149
v. 14, Jan. 7, 1939: 55–56.
Brief notes on works by Merrill Moore and Kenneth Fearing.

150
v. 14, Feb. 11, 1939: 83–84.
Brief note on Mark Van Doren's *Collected Poems, 1922-1938.*

151
v. 15, Feb. 18, 1939: 84.
Brief note on the *Antigone* of Sophocles, translated by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald.

152
v. 15, Mar. 11, 1939: 96.
Brief note on *Lines at Intersection,* by Josephine Miles.

153
v. 15, Mar. 18, 1939: 88.
Brief note on *On the Frontier: a Melodrama in Three Acts,* by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood.

154
v. 15, Apr. 22, 1939: 80.
Brief notes on four books, including *Collected Poems* of Robert Graves.

155
v. 15, May 27, 1939: 100.
Brief notes on *Solitude, a Poem,* by V. Sackville-West, and Frank O'Connor's *The Fountain of Magic.*

156
v. 15, Aug. 5, 1939: 68.
Brief note on *Water and Light,* by Louise T. Nicholl.

157
v. 15, Aug. 19, 1939: 67.
Brief note on Louise MacNeill's *Gauley Mountain.*

158
v. 15, Sept. 2, 1939: 63.
Brief notes on works by Charlotte Wilder and Federico García Lorca.

159
v. 15, Oct. 7, 1939: 79–80.
Brief note on *This, My Letter,* by Sara H. Hay.

160
v. 15, Nov. 4, 1939: 88.
Brief note on *Fair Warning,* by John Holmes.

161
v. 15, Nov. 18, 1939: 107–108.
Brief notes on five books, including Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats.*

162
v. 15, Dec. 16, 1939: 120–121.
Reviews MacLeish's *America Was Promises* and Muriel Rukeyser's *A Turning Wind.*

163
v. 15, Dec. 30, 1939: 56.
Brief notes on five books, including *Some Verses to Some Germans,* by John Masefield.

## 1940

164
v. 15, Jan. 27, 1940: 60–62.
Reviews works by Rimbaud, John Ciardi, Dylan Thomas, and Louis MacNeice.

165
v. 16, Feb. 24, 1940: 76–77.
Reviews Auden's *Another Time.*

166
v. 16, Mar. 16, 1940: 108.
Brief notes on *The Oxford Book of English Verse* and *Collected Poems* of A. E. Housman.

167
v. 16, Mar. 23, 1940: 88.
Brief notes on works by Kimball Flaccus and Mary B. Duryce.

168
v. 16, Apr. 20, 1940: 91–93.
Reviews *The Man Coming Toward You,* by Oscar Williams, and Ruth Pitter's *The Spirit Watches.*

169
v. 16, May 4, 1940: 91–92.
Brief note on *Song in the Meadow,* by Elizabeth M. Roberts.

170
v. 16, Aug. 24, 1940: 67–68.
Brief notes on works by Edna St. Vincent Millay, Stephen Vincent Benét, and F. R. Higgins.

171
v. 16, Aug. 31, 1940: 56.
Brief notes on *The Pocket Book of Verse; Great English and American Poems* and Robert Hillyer's *Pattern of a Day*.

172
v. 16, Sept. 21, 1940: 84.
Brief notes on *The Oxford Book of Christian Verse* and Elder Olson's *The Cock of Heaven*.

173
v. 16, Oct. 12, 1940: 104.
Brief notes on works by Phyllis McGinley and Raymond Holden.

174
v. 16, Oct. 19, 1940: 107–109.
Reviews *Letters on Poetry From W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley*.

175
v. 16, Nov. 9, 1940: 92–94.
Reviews Pound's *Cantos LII-LXXI* and *Collected Poems* of Kenneth Fearing.

176
v. 16, Nov. 16, 1940: 103–104.
Brief notes on works by Margaret Fishback and Ogden Nash.

177
v. 16, Dec. 28, 1940: 62–63.
Reviews works by Conrad Aiken, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Frederic Prokosch, and Thomas Hardy.

## 1941

178
v. 16, Jan. 18, 1941: 80.
Brief notes on the definitive edition of Kipling's *Verse* and the annual *Five Young American Poets*.

179
v. 17, Feb. 22, 1941: 84.
Brief notes on works by Jan Struther and Edmund Blunden.

180
v. 17, Mar. 1, 1941: 51–53.
Reviews *Poems, 1925-1940* of Louis MacNeice, *Selected Poems* of John Peale Bishop, and *50 Poems* of E. E. Cummings.

181
v. 17, Mar. 15, 1941: 88.
Brief note on *The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems,* edited by Gerald Bullett.

182
v. 17, Mar. 29, 1941: 71–72.
Brief notes on four books, including Theodore Roethke's *Open House.*

183
v. 17, Apr. 5, 1941: 92.
Brief note on *Rhymed Ruminations,* by Siegfried Sassoon.

184
v. 17, Apr. 12, 1941: 83–85.
Reviews Auden's *The Double Man* and *Poems, 1930-1940* of Horace Gregory.

185
v. 17, Apr. 26, 1941: 76.
Brief notes on *Poems* of Alice Meynell and *The Ages of Man; the Standard Shakespeare Anthology.*

186
v. 17, May 3, 1941: 88.
Brief note on Marya Zaturenska's *The Listening Landscape.*

187
v. 17, May 17, 1941: 91–94.
Reviews Poet of the Month pamphlet series, experimental poets, little presses, and *Poems* of Yvor Winters.

188
v. 17, Aug. 30, 1941: 56.
Brief note on *Cautionary Verses* of Belloc.

189
v. 17, Sept. 6, 1941: 75–77.
Reviews *Poems* of Ridgely Torrence, E. M. Butler's *Rainer Maria Rilke,* and others.

190
v. 17, Sept. 20, 1941: 111–112.
Brief notes on *Pulitzer Prize Poems* and Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus,* translated by Robert Fitzgerald.

191
v. 17, Oct. 18, 1941: 94–96.
Reviews *The Viking Book of Poetry of the English-Speaking World* and *The Golden Treasury of Scottish Poetry.*

192
v. 17, Nov. 1, 1941: 87–89.
Reviews Marianne Moore's *What Are Years,* and others.

193
v. 17, Nov. 29, 1941: 104–106.
Reviews Mark Van Doren's *The Mayfield Deer* and *Shenandoah,* by Delmore Schwartz.

194
v. 17, Dec. 6, 1941: 136.
Brief notes on four books, including *Collected Sonnets* of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

**1942**

195
v. 17, Feb. 14, 1942: 68–70.
Reviews six books, including Malcolm Cowley's *The Dry Season* and Masefield's *Gautama the Enlightened.*

196
v. 18, Mar. 7, 1942: 61–63.
Reviews *Five Young American Poets,* second series, 1941; and *Out of the Jewel,* by Rolfe Humphries, dedicated to Miss Bogan.

197
v. 18, May 30, 1942: 68.
Brief note on Morris Bishop's *Spilt Milk.*

198
v. 18, June 27, 1942: 64.
Brief notes on works by John Masefield and Walter de la Mare.

199
v. 18, Oct. 10, 1942: 72–74.
Reviews Spender's *Ruins and Visions* and *Parts of a World,* by Wallace Stevens.

200
v. 18, Oct. 17, 1942: 91–92.
Brief notes on three books, including Randall Jarrell's *Blood for a Stranger.*

201
v. 18, Oct. 31, 1942: 80–81.
Reviews *Poems of This War by Younger Poets,* and others.

202
v. 18, Nov. 21, 1942: 100.
Brief note on Ogden Nash's *Good Intentions.*

## 1943

203
v. 18, Jan. 9, 1943: 49–51.
Reviews *Person, Place, and Thing,* by Karl Shapiro, and Edmund Wilson's *Note-Books of Night.*

204
v. 18, Jan. 30, 1943: 63.
Brief notes on three books, including *Street Songs* by Dame Edith Sitwell.

205
v. 19, Mar. 20, 1943: 71.
Brief notes on four books, including *Last Poems* of Elinor Wylie.

206
v. 19, June 12, 1943: 79–80.
Brief notes on works by Masefield, Rilke, and Delmore Schwartz.

207
v. 19, Aug. 7, 1943: 62–64.
Reviews first volume of The Poets of the Year series.

208
v. 19, Sept. 25, 1943: 75.
Brief notes on three books, including *The Book of New Poems, 1943.*

209
v. 19, Oct. 2, 1943: 76–78.
Reviews *A Choice of Kipling's Verse,* made by T. S. Eliot.

210
v. 19, Nov. 13, 1943: 106, 109–110, 112.
Reviews *The Triumph of Life; Poems of Consolation for the English-Speaking World,* edited by Horace Gregory.

211
v. 19, Nov. 20, 1943: 112.
Brief notes on an anthology of Second World War poetry and a work by Harry Brown.

## 1944

212
v. 19, Jan. 15, 1944: 80.
Brief notes on three books, including *Wonderings (Between One and Six Years),* by John Masefield.

213
v. 20, Feb. 26, 1944: 82, 84, 86.
Reviews Kenneth Patchen's *Cloth of the Tempest,* and others.

214
v. 20, Mar. 25, 1944: 99.
Brief notes on three books, including *1 x 1 (One Times One),* by E. E. Cummings.

215
v. 20, Sept. 30, 1944: 79–80.
Brief notes on four books, including Karl Shapiro's *V-Letter.*

216
v. 20, Oct. 7, 1944: 83–84.
Brief notes on Jesse Stuart's *Album of Destiny* and *Perennial,* by Oliver St. John Gogarty.

217
v. 20, Oct. 14, 1944: 87–88.
Brief notes on three books, including *The Summer Landscape,* by Rolfe Humphries.

218
v. 20, Oct. 21, 1944: 91–92, 94.
Reviews works by Muriel Rukeyser, Babette Deutsch, H. D., and others.

219
v. 20, Nov. 18, 1944: 95–96.
Brief notes on four books, including *Selected Poems* of Herman Melville, edited by F. O. Matthiessen.

220
v. 20, Dec. 30, 1944: 54, 56.
Brief notes on works by Conrad Aiken, Thomas Merton, Robert Lowell, and Kenneth Rexroth.

## 1945

221
v. 20, Jan. 13, 1945: 74, 76–78.
Reviews *New Poems, 1944,* edited by Oscar Williams, and *Young American Poets,* third series, 1944.

222
v. 21, Feb. 24, 1945: 78–79.
Brief notes on three books, including *Poems, New and Selected* of Richard Eberhart.

223
v. 21, Apr. 7, 1945: 83–84, 86.
Reviews Frost's *A Masque of Reason* and *The Winter Sea,* by Allen Tate.

224
v. 21, Apr. 21, 1945: 84–86.
Reviews life and work of Emily Dickinson in two books, one written and one edited by Millicent Todd Bingham.

225
v. 21, June 16, 1945: 63–64.
Reviews William Rose Benét's *The Dust Which Is God,* Robert P. Tristram Coffin's *Poems for a Son With Wings,* and others.

226
v. 21, June 23, 1945: 64.
Brief notes on four books, including *Tahl,* by Jeremy Ingalls.

227
v. 21, July 7, 1945: 67–68.
Brief notes on *Selected Poems* of John Crowe Ransom, and Charles Henri Ford's *Poems for Painters.*

228
v. 21, July 28, 1945: 70–71.
Brief notes on *The War Poets,* edited by Oscar Williams, and *Short Is the Time; Poems 1936–1943,* by C. Day-Lewis.

229
v. 21, Sept. 15, 1945: 83–84.
Reviews *Letters* of Rilke, translated by Jane B. Greene and M. D. Herter Norton.

230
v. 21, Sept. 22, 1945: 88.
Brief note on *A Street in Bronzeville,* by Gwendolyn Brooks.

231
v. 21, Sept. 29, 1945: 87.
Brief note on Francis Meynell's *Seventeen Poems.*

232
v. 21, Oct. 6, 1945: 99–100.
Brief notes on three books, including Paul Engle's *American Child.*

233
v. 21, Oct. 20, 1945: 115.
Brief note on *Ha! Ha! Among the Trumpets,* by Alun Lewis.

234
v. 21, Nov. 3, 1945: 96, 98.
Reviews works by Edmund Blunden, Louis MacNeice, Norman Nicholson, and Alex Comfort.

235
v. 21, Dec. 1, 1945: 136, 138.
Brief note on *What Cheer,* edited by David McCord.

236
v. 21, Dec. 29, 1945: 68.
Brief notes on five books, including Karl Shapiro's *Essay on Rime.*

## 1946

237
v. 21, Feb. 19, 1946: 95–96.
Reviews *War and the Poet,* edited by Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman, Randall Jarrell's *Little Friend, Little Friend,* and *Aragon, Poet of the French Resistance,* edited by Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley.

238
v. 22, Feb. 23, 1946: 91.
Brief notes on five books, including *A Wordsworth Anthology,* selected by Laurence Housman.

239
v. 22, May 4, 1946: 112.
Brief note on *Love Songs of Asia,* by Powys Mathers.

240
v. 22, July 6, 1946: 57–59.
Reviews *Poems, 1938–1945* of Robert Graves and Norman Rosten's *The Big Road.*

241
v. 22, Sept. 7, 1946: 102–103.
Brief note on *Secret Country, Poems* of Jorge Carrera Andrade, translated by Muna Lee.

242
v. 22, Oct. 5, 1946: 113–115.
Reviews Elizabeth Bishop's *North and South,* Thomas Merton's *A Man in the Divided Sea,* and *Selected Verse* of John Manifold.

243
v. 22, Oct. 26, 1946: 112.
Brief notes on four books, including *Paterson (Book One),* by William Carlos Williams.

244
v. 22, Nov. 9, 1946: 114–116.
Reviews André Breton's *Young Cherry Trees Secured Against Hares,* translated by Edouard Roditi, and *Prose Poems From the Illuminations* of Rimbaud, translated by Louise Varèse.

245
v. 22, Nov. 30, 1946: 129–130, 132.
Reviews *Lord Weary's Castle,* by Robert Lowell, and *The Earth-Bound,* by Janet Lewis.

246
v. 22, Dec. 21, 1946: 99–100.
Brief notes on works by Dylan Thomas and Pablo Neruda.

## 1947

247
v. 22, Jan. 11, 1947: 87–88.
Brief notes on four books, including Reed Whittemore's *Heroes and Heroines.*

248
v. 22, Feb. 8, 1947: 99.
Brief notes on three books, including Herbert Creekmore's *The Long Reprieve.*

249
v. 23, Mar. 15, 1947: 119.
Brief notes on *Speaking for Scotland; Selected Poems* of Hugh MacDiarmid, and *1000 Years of Irish Poetry,* edited by Kathleen Hoagland.

250
v. 23, Apr. 5, 1947: 95–97.
Reviews *The Iron Pastoral,* by John Frederick Nims, and Spender's *Poems of Dedication.*

251
v. 23, May 3, 1947: 114–116.
Reviews Geoffrey Wagner's translation of Baudelaire's *Les fleurs du mal,* and others.

252
v. 23, May 17, 1947: 118–119.
Brief notes on four books, including *The Portable Dante,* edited by Paolo Milano.

253
v. 23, June 7, 1947: 112.
Brief note on Frost's *Steeple Bush.*

254
v. 23, June 14, 1947: 99.
Brief notes on works of Samuel Greenberg and Sidney Keyes.

255
v. 23, June 21, 1947: 79–80.
Brief note on *The Georgics* of Virgil, translated by C. Day-Lewis.

256
v. 23, July 19, 1947: 72.
Brief notes on works by Baudelaire and Joan Murray.

257
v. 23, Sept. 13, 1947: 118–119.
Reviews John Betjeman's *Slick But Not Streamlined,* and others.

258
v. 23, Sept. 20, 1947: 106–107.
Brief notes on works of Louise Labé, Laurie Lee, and Ezra Pound.

259
v. 23, Oct. 4, 1947: 111.
Brief notes on Conrad Aiken's *The Kid* and Selden Rodman's *The Amazing Year.*

260
v. 23, Oct. 18, 1947: 128.
Brief notes on works by Samuel Hoffenstein and Tristan Corbière.

261
v. 23, Nov. 1, 1947: 115.
Brief note on Frost's *A Masque of Mercy.*

262
v. 23, Nov. 15, 1947: 130, 133–134.
Reviews works by Richard Wilbur, Howard Nemerov, William Jay Smith, John Ciardi, and Karl Shapiro.

263
v. 23, Nov. 22, 1947: 140.
Brief notes on works by Henry Reed and Rolfe Humphries.

264
v. 23, Nov. 29, 1947: 143.
Brief note on *Poems* of Giacomo Leopardi, translated by John Heath-Stubbs.

265
v. 23, Dec. 20, 1947: 98, 100.
Brief notes on four books, including R. P. Blackmur's *The Good European.*

## 1948

266
v. 23, Jan. 31, 1948: 64–66.
Reviews *Poets at Work,* a book of essays sponsored by the University of Buffalo Library.

267
v. 24, Mar. 6, 1948: 100.
Brief notes on *Poems, 1922–1947* of Allen Tate and Bernard Spencer's *Aegean Islands, and Other Poems.*

268
v. 24, Mar. 13, 1948: 127–128.
Brief note on Spender's *Returning to Vienna 1947; Nine Sketches.*

269
v. 24, Apr. 24, 1948: 110–111.
Brief notes on Thomas Merton's *Figures for an Apocalypse,* and others.

270
v. 24, May 8, 1948: 115.
Brief notes on Muriel Rukeyser's *The Green Wave,* and others.

271
v. 24, May 15, 1948: 117–118, 121.
Reviews Randall Jarrell's *Losses* and Theodore Roethke's *The Lost Son.*

272
v. 24, June 12, 1948: 99–100.
Brief notes on Robert Horan's *A Beginning* and *Collected Poems* of R. P. Tristram Coffin.

273
v. 24, Sept. 4, 1948: 75–76.
Brief notes on Robinson Jeffers' *The Double Axe & Other Poems,* and others.

274
v. 24, Oct. 2, 1948: 106–108.
Brief notes on four books, including John Berryman's *The Dispossessed.*

275
v. 24, Nov. 13, 1948: 151–152.
Brief notes on works by Archibald MacLeish, Winfield Townley Scott, and Lillian Lyon.

276
v. 24, Dec. 25, 1948: 56–57.
Reviews Dame Edith Sitwell's *A Song of the Cold,* a homage volume for Dame Edith, and recordings by T. S. Eliot.

## 1949

277
v. 24, Jan. 22, 1949: 86–87.
Brief notes on works by C. Day-Lewis and Peter Viereck, and an anthology edited by Devin A. Garrity.

278

v. 24, Jan. 29, 1949: 71–72.

Brief notes on four books, including *The Poetry of the Negro,* edited by Langston Hughes and Arna Bontemps.

279

v. 24, Feb. 12, 1949: 95.

Brief notes on *Selected Poems* of Sacheverell Sitwell and Ogden Nash's *Versus.*

280

v. 25, Mar. 12, 1949: 108.

Brief notes on *A Second Book of Russian Verse* and *Selected Poems* of Elizabeth Daryush, edited by Yvor Winters.

281

v. 25, Mar. 26, 1949: 95–97.

Reviews *The New British Poets, an Anthology,* and others.

282

v. 25, May 7, 1949: 114–115.

Brief notes on *A Mirror for French Poetry (1840–1940)* and *Collected Poems* of William Empson.

283

v. 25, May 21, 1949: 119–120.

Brief notes on works by John Neihardt, William Carlos Williams, and St.-John Perse.

284

v. 25, June 11, 1949: 103.

Brief notes on Spender's *The Edge of Being: Poems,* and others.

285

v. 25, Oct. 15, 1949: 139–140.

Brief notes on Frost's *Complete Poems, 1949,* and others.

286

v. 25, Nov. 26, 1949: 126, 129–131.

Reviews works by Harry Brown, José García Villa, Rosalie Moore, and Herbert Cahoon.

287

v. 25, Dec. 17, 1949: 130–131.

Brief notes on works by Conrad Aiken, Gwendolyn Brooks, and others.

## 1950

288

v. 26, Mar. 11, 1950: 105–107.

Brief notes on five books, including Thomas Merton's *The Tears of the Blind Lions*.

289

v. 26, Mar. 18, 1950: 116–117.

Discusses "anthology-making" and anthologists.

290

v. 26, Apr. 22, 1950: 127–128.

Brief notes on four books, including *Poems* of Wilfred Owen.

291

v. 26, May 20, 1950: 112–114, 117.

Reviews the development of poetry in the first half of the 20th century and briefly examines the work of Robert Nathan, E. E. Cummings, Alfred Hayes, Muriel Rukeyser, Peter Viereck, Kenneth Rexroth, and Emma Swan.

292

v. 26, July 1, 1950: 72.

Brief note on Helen Bevington's *19 Million Elephants*.

293

v. 26, July 22, 1950: 74–75.

Brief notes on four books, including Masefield's *On the Hill*.

294

v. 26, Sept. 9, 1950: 124.

Brief note on *Poems* of Christopher Smart and *Selected Writings* of Paul Valéry.

295

v. 26, Oct. 28, 1950: 126, 129–130.

Reviews works by Apollinaire and Wallace Stevens, and a work about Stevens.

296

v. 26, Nov. 4, 1950: 157–158, 161–162.

Reviews Marcel Raymond's *From Baudelaire to Surrealism,* and others.

297

v. 26, Nov. 25, 1950: 159–160.

Brief note on *The Oxford Book of American Verse,* edited by F. O. Matthiessen.

298
v. 26, Dec. 9, 1950: 172.
Brief note on Ogden Nash's *Family Reunion.*

## 1951

299
v. 27, Mar. 10, 1951: 123–124.
Brief notes on *Complete Poems* of Sandburg, *The Pleasures of Pope,* and The Muse's Library series.

300
v. 27, Mar. 17, 1951: 126–128.
Discusses the study of English literature and reviews *Poets of the English Language,* edited by W. H. Auden and Norman H. Pearson.

301
v. 27, June 9, 1951: 109–110, 113.
Reviews five books, including *First Poems* of James Merrill.

302
v. 27, Oct. 20, 1951: 152.
Brief notes on works by Yeats and John Clare, and the chapbooks *Key Poets, 1–10.*

303
v. 27, Nov. 13, 1951: 150–151.
Reviews works by Adrienne Rich, Muriel Rukeyser, and Janet Lewis.

## 1952

304
v. 28, Mar. 8, 1952: 127–128.
Brief notes on two anthologies, one compiled by Edith Sitwell, the other by Oscar Williams, and on translations of Paul Eluard's writings, the *Iliad,* and the *Agamemnon.*

305
v. 28, Apr. 12, 1952: 122–124.
Brief notes on five books, including Walter de la Mare's *Winged Chariot, and Other Poems.*

306
v. 28, Aug. 2, 1952: 57–58.
Reviews *In Country Sleep,* by Dylan Thomas, and *Collected Poems* of Marianne Moore.

307
v. 28, Nov. 8, 1952: 165–166, 169.
Reviews *Poetry in Our Time,* by Babette Deutsch, and Elizabeth Sewell's *The Structure of Poetry.*

## 1953

308
v. 28, Jan. 31, 1953: 64, 66.
Reviews W. S. Merwin's *A Mask for Janus,* Peter Viereck's *The First Morning,* and *The Complete Poems and Plays* of T. S. Eliot.

309
v. 29, Mar. 7, 1953: 111–112.
Brief notes on translations of Virgil's *Aeneid,* Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales,* and Goethe's *Faust.*

310
v. 29, May 9, 1953: 133–134, 137.
Reviews *Winds,* by St.-John Perse, translated by Hugh Chisholm, and Kenneth Rexroth's *The Dragon and the Unicorn.*

311
v. 29, Sept. 12, 1953: 147–148.
Brief notes on three books, including *A Hopkins Reader,* edited by John Pick.

312
v. 29, Sept. 19, 1953: 113–114, 117–118.
Reviews *Botteghe oscure* and *Various Jangling Keys,* by Edgar Bogardus.

313
v. 29, Oct. 10, 1953: 159–160.
Brief notes on works of Edwin Muir and Dylan Thomas, and *A Reader's Guide to T. S. Eliot.*

314
v. 29, Oct. 24, 1953: 141–143.
Reviews Robert Penn Warren's *Brother to Dragons* and Theodore Roethke's *The Waking.*

## 1954

315
v. 30, Feb. 27, 1954: 100–101.
Reviews works by Dame Edith Sitwell, Kathleen Raine, Louise T. Nicholl, and May Sarton.

316
v. 30, Mar. 6, 1954: 107–108.
Brief notes on works by Gertrude Stein and Dylan Thomas, and *New Poems by American Poets,* edited by Rolfe Humphries.

317
v. 30, Mar. 20, 1954: 130–132.
Brief notes on six books, including Randall Jarrell's *Poetry and the Age.*

318
v. 20, May 1, 1954: 111–112.
Brief notes on three books, including *The Translations of Ezra Pound,* edited by Hugh Kenner.

319
v. 30, May 8, 1954: 147–148.
Brief notes on four books, including *Collected Poems* of Padraic Colum.

320
v. 30, May 29, 1954: 104.
Brief notes on Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Mine the Harvest* and *Under Milk Wood,* by Dylan Thomas.

321
v. 30, June 12, 1954: 120.
Brief note on *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral,* by Babette Deutsch.

322
v. 30, July 10, 1954: 76.
Brief notes on works by Winthrop M. Praed and William Carlos Williams.

323
v. 30, Aug. 14, 1954: 84.
Brief note on *An Italian Visit,* by C. Day-Lewis.

324
v. 30, Sept. 4, 1954: 68–69.
Reviews Marianne Moore's translation of La Fontaine's *Fables* and *Poems: a Selection* of Léonie Adams.

325
v. 30, Oct. 16, 1954: 158, 161–162.
Reviews *Poets of Today* and others.

326
v. 30, Nov. 6, 1954: 195–196.
Brief notes on three books, including *Selected Poems* of Marya Zaturenska.

327
v. 30, Dec. 11, 1954: 198, 201–202.
Reviews *Collected Poems* of Wallace Stevens and *Poems, 1923–1954* of Cummings.

## 1955

328
v. 30, Jan. 15, 1955: 106.
Brief notes on works by Rolfe Humphries, Archibald MacLeish, and Mark Van Doren.

329
v. 31, Feb. 26, 1955: 106, 108.
Reviews two books on Walt Whitman's life and work.

330
v. 31, Mar. 5, 1955: 120.
Brief notes on *Collected Poems* of Dame Edith Sitwell and *Emily Dickinson; a Revelation,* by Millicent Todd Bingham.

331
v. 31, Apr. 30, 1955: 123–125.
Reviews Auden's *The Shield of Achilles,* Spender's *Collected Poems,* and others.

332
v. 31, May 14, 1955: 180.
Brief notes on new collections by Randall Jarrell and Roy Campbell.

333
v. 31, July 30, 1955: 67–68.
Reviews Marianne Moore's *Predilections* and others.

334
v. 31, Oct. 8, 1955: 190–191.
Reviews Thomas H. Johnson's edition of *Poems* of Emily Dickinson and others.

335
v. 31, Oct. 15, 1955: 180.
Brief notes on translations from Baudelaire and García Lorca.

## 1956

336
v. 31, Jan. 14, 1956: 112.
Brief note on García Lorca's *Poet in New York,* translated by Ben Belitt.

337
v. 31, Feb. 4, 1956: 98, 101–102.
Reviews Richmond Lattimore's *Greek Lyrics* and others.

338
v. 32, Mar. 31, 1956: 111–112.
Brief notes on three books, including C. M. Bowra's *Inspiration and Poetry.*

339
v. 32, Apr. 4, 1956: 154, 157–158.
Reviews Antonina Vallentin's *Heine: Poet in Exile* and *Prefabrications,* by Josephine Miles.

340
v. 32, Apr. 14, 1956: 176.
Brief note on *Green Armor on Green Ground,* by Rolfe Humphries.

341
v. 32, June 9, 1956: 143–144.
Brief notes on works by Walter de la Mare and Witter Bynner.

342
v. 32, Sept. 1, 1956: 92–94.
Reviews Pound's *Section: Rock-Drill; 85–95 de Los Cantares* and John Ashbery's *Some Trees.*

343
v. 32, Oct. 6, 1956: 178–181.
Reviews works by Edwin Muir, Elizabeth Jennings, Richard Wilbur, and René Char.

344
v. 32, Nov. 17, 1956: 243–244.
Brief notes on works by Anne Morrow Lindbergh and others.

## 1957

345
v. 33, Mar. 2, 1957: 111–112.
Reviews *The Criterion Book of Modern American Verse* and others.

346
v. 33, Apr. 13, 1957: 172–174.
Reviews "experimentalist" poets and little presses.

347
v. 33, June 8, 1957: 144.
Brief notes on Aristophanes' *The Birds,* translated by Dudley Fitts, and Ogden Nash's *You Can't Get There From Here.*

348
v. 33, May 4, 1957: 167–168.
Brief notes on three books, including *Poems* of Marcia Nardi.

349
Fairy tale reversed. v. 33, Oct. 12, 1957: 193–194, 197.
Reviews *Leftover Life To Kill,* by Caitlin Thomas.

350
v. 33, Nov. 2, 1957: 199–200.
Brief notes on *The Common Muse,* an anthology of British ballad poetry, and Ezra Pound's version of Sophocles' *Women of Trachis.*

## 1958

351
Steel and quicksilver. v. 33, Feb. 8, 1958: 130, 132–133.
Reviews translations of Spanish poetry, including *Selected Writings* of Juan Ramón Jiménez, translated by H. R. Hays.

352
v. 34, Mar. 22, 1958: 148.
Brief notes on works by May Sarton and John Updike.

353
v. 34, Mar. 29, 1958: 114–116.
Reviews *New Poets of England and America* and *Poems, 1947–1957* of William Jay Smith.

354
v. 34, Apr. 19, 1958: 144.
Brief note on *The Hawk in the Rain,* by Ted Hughes.

355
v. 34, Aug. 16, 1958: 96.
Brief note on MacLeish's *J.B., a Play in Verse.*

356
v. 34, Sept. 13, 1958: 158, 161–163.
Reviews Geoffrey Moore's *Poetry To-day* and others.

357
v. 34, Dec. 6, 1958: 228–230.
Reviews works by John Hollander, Stanley Kunitz, May Swenson, and Mary Phelps.

358
v. 34, Dec. 20, 1958: 112.
Brief notes on *95 Poems,* by Cummings, and *Paterson (Book Five),* by William Carlos Williams.

## 1959

359
v. 34, Feb. 7, 1959: 132.
Brief note on *The Odyssey; a Modern Sequel,* by Nikos Kazantzakēs, translated by Kimon Friar.

360
v. 35, Apr. 18, 1959: 169–170.
Reviews *Collected Poems* of John Betjeman and John Updike's *The Carpentered Hen and Other Tame Creatures.*

361
v. 35, Sept. 19, 1959: 92.
Brief note on Eliot's *The Elder Statesman, a Play.*

362
v. 35, Oct. 24, 1959: 186–188.
Reviews works by Robert Lowell, Theodore Roethke, and others.

363
v. 35, Nov. 28, 1959: 236, 238, 240.
Reviews six books, including *Coming of Age,* by Babette Deutsch.

## 1960

364
The gods continue to arrive. v. 35, Feb. 6, 1960: 123–124, 126–128.
Reviews *Larousse Encyclopedia of Mythology.*

365
v. 36, Mar. 26, 1960: 154, 157–158.
Reviews works by Vernon Watkins, Jean Garrigue, and George Starbuck.

366
v. 36, Oct. 8, 1960: 197–200.
Reviews Elizabeth Sergeant's *Robert Frost; the Trial by Existence,* W. H. Auden's *Homage to Clio,* and *The New American Poetry, 1945–1960.*

367
v. 36, Oct. 29, 1960: 187–188.
Brief notes on works of Edward Taylor and Ezra Pound.

## 1961

368
v. 36, Jan. 14, 1961: 120.
Reviews Rilke's *Selected Works,* v. 2, *Poetry,* translated by J. B. Leishman.

369
v. 37, Mar. 11, 1961: 122.
Brief note on *Collected Poems* of Lawrence Durrell.

370
v. 37, Apr. 1, 1961: 129–131.
Reviews works by Howard Nemerov, Galway Kinnell, and Abbie H. Evans.

371
v. 37, Oct. 7, 1961: 204–208.
A discussion of the translation of poetry precedes comments on new English versions of Cavafy and Seferis, *Chronique,* by St.-John Perse, and Racine's *Phèdre.*

## 1962

372
v. 37, Jan. 20, 1962: 118, 120.
Brief notes on works by Edmund Wilson and Robert Lowell.

373
v. 38, Mar. 24, 1962: 175–176.
Reviews works by Alan Dugan, X. J. Kennedy, and Peter Viereck.

374
v. 38, Apr. 14, 1962: 188.
Brief note on John Hall Wheelock's *The Gardener and Other Poems.*

375

v. 38, Nov. 17, 1962: 238, 241–242, 244.

Reviews *Selected Poems* of Pablo Neruda, *Collected Poems* of Hugh MacDiarmid, and Frost's *In the Clearing.*

## 1963

376

v. 38, Jan. 26, 1963: 136.

Brief note on *Love Poems of Ancient Egypt,* translated by Pound and Noel Stock.

377

v. 38, Feb. 9, 1963: 148.

Brief note on *Selected Poems* of Evtushenko, translated by Robin Milner-Gulland and Peter Levi.

378

v. 39, Apr. 27, 1963: 173–175.

Reviews works by Sandra Hochman, May Swenson, and Anne Sexton.

379

v. 39, July 6, 1963: 76.

Brief note on *Poet's Choice,* edited by Paul Engle and Joseph Langland.

380

v. 39, Aug. 17, 1963: 95–96.

Brief note on *The Anathemata,* by David Jones.

381

v. 39, Oct. 12, 1963: 210–212.

Reviews Kenneth Koch's *Thank You, and Other Poems* and Frederick Seidel's *Final Solutions.*

382

v. 39, Nov. 23, 1963: 248.

Brief note on *Erotic Poetry,* edited by William Cole.

## 1964

383

v. 40, Apr. 11, 1964: 178, 180–181.

Reviews *New Poems* of Robert Graves, *Collected Poems, 1925–1948* of Louis MacNeice, *Affinities,* by Vernon Watkins, and *Music and Ceremonies,* by Dame Edith Sitwell.

384
v. 40, Apr. 18, 1964: 224.
Brief note on Apollinaire's *Alcools: Poems, 1898–1913,* translated by William Meredith.

385
v. 40, Apr. 25, 1964: 208.
Brief note on *The Modern Poets; an American-British Anthology,* edited by John Malcolm Brinnin.

386
v. 40, May 23, 1964: 188.
Brief note on *Collected Poems* of Wilfred Owen, edited by C. Day-Lewis.

387
v. 40, Oct. 3, 1964: 227–228.
Brief note on *The Oxford Book of Nineteenth-Century English Verse.*

## 1965

388
v. 41, Mar. 13, 1965: 204.
Reviews *Complete Poems* of D. H. Lawrence, edited by Vivian de Sola Pinto and F. Warren Roberts.

389
v. 41, Apr. 10, 1965: 193–194, 196.
Reviews Philip Larkin's *The Whitsun Weddings,* Robert Lowell's *For the Union Dead,* and *Collected Poems* of Patrick Kavanaugh.

390
v. 41, Sept. 4, 1965: 108.
Brief note on Auden's *About the House.*

## 1966

391
v. 42, Mar. 5, 1966: 159.
Brief note on Pound's *A Lume Spento, and Other Early Poems.*

392
v. 42, Mar. 12, 1966: 179–180.
Brief note on *The Shepherd's Calendar* of John Clare, edited by Eric Robinson and Geoffrey Summerfield.

393
v. 42, Apr. 2, 1966: 176.
Brief note on *19th Century British Minor Poets.*

394
v. 42, Oct. 1, 1966: 221–223.
Reviews *American Poetry,* edited by Gay Wilson Allen, W. B. Rideout, and J. K. Robinson.

395
v. 42, Dec. 3, 1966: 248.
Brief note on *Two Centuries of Russian Verse; an Anthology From Lomonosov to Voznesensky.*

## 1967

396
v. 43, Mar. 4, 1967: 160–162.
Reviews works by Rolfe Humphries, Barbara Howes, and others.

397
v. 43, May 20, 1967: 179–180.
Brief notes on Robert Lowell's *Near the Ocean* and *Poems, 1957–1967* of James Dickey.

398
v. 43, Sept. 2, 1967: 87–88.
Brief notes on John Betjeman's *High and Low* and Eliot's *Poems Written in Early Youth.*

## 1968

399
v. 44, Mar. 30, 1968: 133–138.
Reviews books about Dame Edith Sitwell, Hugh MacDiarmid, Pound, and Yeats; several translations, including *O the Chimneys,* by Nelly Sachs; and collections of works by Marianne Moore and W. H. Auden.

400
v. 44, Dec. 28, 1968: 62–63.
Reviews *John Keats,* by Robert Gittings, and six books of poetry.

## In Other Periodicals

401
"Exile and cunning." Partisan review, v. 7, July/Aug. 1940: 318–320.
HX1.P3, v. 7

Reviews *James Joyce, His First Forty Years,* by Herbert S. Gorman.

402
The Brontë fantasies. New republic, v. 105, Sept. 1, 1941: 285–286.
AP2.N624, v. 105

Reviews *The Brontës' Web of Childhood,* by Fannie E. Ratchford.

403
Gaelic captain: feudal earl. New republic, v. 107, Nov. 16, 1942: 645–646.
AP2.N624, v. 107

Reviews *The Great O'Neill,* by Seán O'Faoláin.

404
Yeats and his Ireland. Partisan review, v. 10, Mar./Apr. 1943: 198–201.
HX1.P3, v. 10

Reviews *W. B. Yeats, 1865–1939,* by Joseph Hone.

405
The mystic experience. Nation, v. 161, July 7, 1945: 15.
AP2.N2, v. 161

Reviews *The Soul Afire; Revelations of the Mystics,* edited by H. A. Reinhold.

406
Experiment and post-experiment. American scholar, v. 16, spring 1947: 237–238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252.
AP2.A4572, v. 16

Reviews Apollinaire's *Choix des poésies,* works by Robert Lowell and Wallace Stevens, collections of poetry by W. H. Auden, Dylan Thomas, and Gertrude Stein, and bilingual editions of *A Season in Hell* and *Prose Poems From the Illuminations,* by Rimbaud, and André Breton's *Young Cherry Trees Secured Against Hares.*

## MANUSCRIPTS

407
Letter, 1944 Nov. 10, New York, to Archibald MacLeish, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 28 cm.
CS

Typescript signed.
In the Central Files

Accepts an invitation to become a Fellow in American Letters of the Library of Congress and to attend a meeting of the fellows on Nov. 16–17. "For many years I have thought that my value as a writer consisted, in some part, in my separation from most of the activities of 'the literary scene.' This separation I never wanted to become rigid; and during the last year I have found a more flexible attitude a natural thing: part of a process of growth.—I was touched, therefore, to receive your invitation at this particular time."

408

Letter, 1945 June 26, New York, to Luther H. Evans, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 28 cm. CS

Typescript signed.

In the Central Files.

"Thank you for your letter of June 19th, assuring me that my work with *The New Yorker* need not interfere with my appointment at the Library" (as Consultant in Poetry). After a week's consideration she is accepting the post. "The idea of working at the Library appealed to me, of course, from the first." She believes her family responsibilities have now been arranged so that she can live in Washington during her tenure. "I want you to know how pleased I am, that my name should have come through in an open vote. . . . I am sure that I shall learn a great deal from close association with [the Library]."

409

Letter, 1945 July 9, New York, to Luther H. Evans, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 28 cm. CS

Typescript signed.

In the Central Files.

Miss Bogan would be glad to begin work immediately but needs a vacation and plans to go to New England for "a complete change" for three weeks. She must also arrange to sublet one room of her New York apartment. "Landlords are hard to deal with; painters are recalcitrant; but I hope to have ev'rything under control by the middle of August.—September 1st, then, seems a feasible date to start work on the Consultant job." She asks about living quarters in Washington.

410

Memorandum, 1946 Jan. 3, Washington, D.C., to [Luther H.] Evans, [Washington, D.C.] 1 p. 16 x 13 cm. CS

Typescript unsigned. A covering note transmitting a typescript letter draft (2 leaves. 27 cm.).

In the Central Files.

"Here is the section of the letter to Mr. [T. S.] Eliot which you requested and which was drawn up at the meeting of the fellows by Mr. [Theodore] Spencer."

411

Memorandum, [1946 Feb. ? Washington, D.C. ? to Luther H. Evans? Washington, D.C.] 1 p. 27 cm. CS

Typescript (negative photostat) unsigned, headed "From Louise Bogan." Forms enclosure to a typescript (carbon copy) letter from Evans to Miss Bogan, dated Feb. 26, 1946, Washington, D.C., concerning suggestions submitted by the Fellows in American Letters for suitable projects for a grants-in-aid program.

In the Central Files.

"I have for some years felt the lack, in books concerned with American culture, of an all-over picture of the culture existing in America at any given period." Expands on this idea and proposes an anthology including both "'serious' and formal" manifestations and "popular" ones. "It is my opinion that some collection of this kind would do much to correct certain misapprehensions concerning the intellectual and moral climate existing in America at one time or another. . . . I know, from experience, that a project of this kind has little or no appeal for the ordinary commercial publisher."

412

Letter, 1946 Apr. 2, [Washington, D.C.] to Theodore Spencer, Cambridge, Mass. 1 p. 27 cm. CS

Typescript (carbon copy) unsigned. A note dated Apr. 3 from David C. Mearns to Luther Evans requesting clearance is attached.

In the Central Files.

Concerns the date and agenda for the spring meeting of the Fellows in American Letters.

413

Memorandum, 1946 Apr. 18, [Washington, D.C.] to Verner W. Clapp, [Washington, D.C.] 2 p. 13 x 20 cm. Mss

Holograph signed.

In the division administrative files.

"Mrs. Lewis Chase sent me . . . a copy of her catalogue of her late husband's collection of correspondence with writers and artists. Mrs. Chase has given the collection to the Library of Congress." Comments on her communications with Mrs. Chase and describes the content and significance of the collection.

414

Memorandum, 1946 May 17, [Washington, D.C.] to [Luther H.] Evans, [Washington, D.C.] 1 p. 27 cm. CS

Typescript signed.

In the Central Files.

"COPY OF MEMORANDUM sent to Mr. David Mearns concerning The Spring Meeting of the Fellows in American Letters." Concerns the program for the meeting and requests Mearns' suggestions and invites his attendance.

415

Report on the meeting of the Fellows in American Letters, Library of Congress, May 30 and 31, 1946. [Washington, D.C., 1946?] 5 leaves. 27 cm. CS

Typescript signed, with a few holograph emendations. A one-page typescript, "Appended List of 10 Albums for the Projected Recording Project," is attached. Accompanied by two transmittal notes, one from David C. Mearns to Joseph Blickensderfer and Harold Spivacke, dated July 17, 1946 (with Blickensderfer's response), and the other from Spivacke to Mearns, dated July 19.

In the Central Files.

Among the matters discussed are Blickensderfer's presentation about the *United States Quarterly Book List*, consideration of W. H. Auden and Malcolm Cowley for appointment as fellows, the new recording project, and the nomination of a Consultant in Poetry for 1946/47. Fellows present were Theodore Spencer, Allen Tate, Willard Thorp, Robert Penn Warren, and Miss Bogan.

416

Memorandum, 1946 June 5, [Washington, D.C.] to Luther H. Evans, [Washington, D.C.] 1 p. 27 cm. CS

Typescript signed.

In the Central Files.

Reports a strong recommendation by the Fellows in American Letters that W. H. Auden and Malcolm Cowley be appointed fellows. Reports that Auden "became a U.S. citizen two weeks ago."

417

Memorandum, 1946 June 5, [Washington, D.C.] to Luther H. Evans, [Washington, D.C.] 1 p. 27 cm. CS

Typescript signed.

In the Central Files.

Lists eight poets proposed by the Fellows in American Letters for consideration as candidates for the position of Consultant in Poetry.

418

Memorandum, 1946 July 7, [Washington, D.C.] to Luther H. Evans, [Washington, D.C.] 1 p. 27 cm. CS

Typescript signed.

In the Central Files.

"I heard this morning from Allen Tate that Miss Léonie Adams will accept the incumbency of the Chair of Poetry. Will you let me know if there is anything I can do to expedite sending her notice of her appointment?"

419

Letter, 1946 Oct. 6, New York, to Robert Gooch, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 28 cm. Poetry

Typescript signed. A four-page typescript, "Corrections, Additions and Category Changes," with holograph notations, is attached.

"I send you, herewith, my corrections, queries, etc., on the Checklist [for *Works in the Humanities Published in Great Britain, 1939–1946; a Selective List* (Washington, 1950)].—I am still engaged in getting the introductory remarks into

shape." Because of her involvement in other matters, she asks about a deadline. "I need only one or two days more work to finish the notes, but those days, up to now, have had to be parcelled out into fragments of working time. . . ." A postscript concerns the recommendation of a prospective Library employee.

420
Letter, 1946 Nov. 7, New York, to Robert Gooch, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 28 cm. Poetry

Typescript signed.

"I enclose a draft of the *Introductory Note*. . . . Will you tell me what you think of it? Does it cover the ground? Is it impersonal enough for Library of Congress taste and standards?" She also includes introductions to two categories. "I have very nearly passed the hump of my autumn work."

421
Letter, 1946 Dec. 17, New York, to Robert C. Gooch, Washington, D.C. 5 leaves. 28 cm. Poetry

Typescript signed. A one-page typescript, "Additional Corrections," with holograph notations, is attached.

"Because of the bafflements and blocks which afflict journalists and do not (I trust!) trouble scholars, these notations have been inexcusably held up."

422
Letter, 1946 Dec. 29, New York, to Robert C. Gooch, Washington, D.C. 3 leaves. 28 cm. Poetry

Typescript signed. A one-page typescript, "Additional Corrections, Etc.," with holograph notations, is attached.

"I send you today the last of my notations on the check-list, and some further corrections. This completes the job; and I hope that you will send me any comments that occur to you."

423
Letter, 1947 Jan. 10, New York, to Leslie W. Dunlap, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 28 cm. Poetry

Holograph signed.

"It was very reassuring to get your letter; thank you for it.—My own autumn and winter tasks closed in upon me on September 1st; and, although the notations and corrections to the list could have been finished in a week, I never seemed to be able to piece that much together! Then a sense of *guilt* began to complicate matters . . . but I did manage to finish the task before 1946 ended." Comments further on the material which had been sent. "How serene the Library was! I often miss my attic room!"

424
Letter, 1948 Jan. 1, New York, to Luther H. Evans, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 28 cm. CS

Holograph signed.
In the Central Files.
"It will be convenient for me to come to Washington on January 23rd and 24th, for a meeting of the Fellows in American Letters."

425
Postcard, 1948 Sept. 23, New York, to Léonie Adams, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 8 x 14 cm. Poetry
Holograph signed.
"Thank you for your semi-official letter.—I'll go to the broadcasting company when notified.—I do hope that matters are 'shaping up'; and that there is a possibility of your getting an apartment."

426
Letter, 1951 Dec. 24, New York, to Luther Evans, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 28 cm. CS
Holograph signed.
In the Central Files.
"I have just written Mr. [Conrad] Aiken, telling him that I shall be unable to attend the meeting of the Fellows in American Letters. . . . Since I should have tendered my resignation from the group of Fellows, had I come to Washington, I hereby tender it to you—with regret, but with the feeling that the group can be kept flexible only by such resignations. I look back on my association with the Fellows, and with the Library, with pleasure. . . ."

427
Permission forms for use of various tape recordings made by Miss Bogan during the period 1944–69. 5 leaves. 27 cm. Mss
Printed forms, signed by Miss Bogan and dated Aug. 27, 1959; Sept. 29, 1968; Nov. 18, 1968; May 18, 1969; and Nov. 17, 1969.
In the Whittall Poetry and Literature Fund files.

428
Letter, 1962 May 14, New York, to L. Quincy Mumford, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 28 cm. Mss
Typescript signed.
In the National Poetry Festival papers, 1962.
Accepts an invitation to participate in the National Poetry Festival at the Library by reading a paper and selections from her poetry. "This Festival promises to be of the greatest interest, both to the attending poets and to interested members of the public."

429
Postcard, 1962 June 27, New York, to Henry J. Dubester, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 8 x 14 cm. Mss

Holograph signed.
In the National Poetry Festival papers, 1962.
She is "glad to send you the material—holograph poem, candid photograph and dust wrapper—you ask for" (for exhibit during the festival, Oct. 22–24).

430
Poem, The young mage. [New York? 1962?] 1 p. 28 cm. Mss
Holograph signed.
In the National Poetry Festival papers, 1962.
Contributed for the exhibition.

431
Letter, 1962 Aug. 13, New York, to Henry J. Dubester, [Washington, D.C.] 1 p. 20 x 16 cm. Mss
Holograph signed.
In the National Poetry Festival papers, 1962.
"The dust jacket and holograph poem, herewith. . . . The photograph will go to you, air mail, tomorrow . . . ."

432
Estimate for reimbursement for her participation in the festival. 1 p. 27 cm. Mss
Mimeographed form, with typescript and holograph additions and changes. Signed by Miss Bogan and dated Sept. 13, 1962.
In the National Poetry Festival papers, 1962.

433
Postcard, 1962 Sept. 17, Peterborough, N.H., to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Biddle, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 8 x 14 cm. Mss
Holograph signed.
In the National Poetry Festival papers, 1962.
"I hope to be able to come" (to a social event given by the Biddles in connection with the festival).

434
Postcard, 1962 Sept. 20, Peterborough, N.H., to Roy P. Basler, Washington, D.C. 8 x 14 cm. Mss
Holograph signed.
In the National Poetry Festival papers, 1962.
"I trust it is not too late for me to tell you that I am quite willing to make the exchange of reading time, with Miss Deutsch. . . ."

435
The role of the poetry journal. 1962. 6 leaves. 32 cm. Mss
Holograph, with emendations.

In the National Poetry Festival papers, 1962.

Draft of a paper presented by Miss Bogan at the festival on the morning of Oct. 22 (see also items 436 and 61a).

436

Permission form for use of tape recording made at the festival. 1 p. 27 cm. Mss

Printed form, signed by Miss Bogan and dated Oct. 22, 1962.

In the National Poetry Festival papers, 1962.

437

Letter, 1962 Oct. 24, Washington, D.C., to Roy P. Basler [Washington, D.C.] 1 p. 23 x 15 cm. Mss

Holograph signed.

In the National Poetry Festival papers, 1962.

Thanks him for an invitation to a luncheon at the Library of Congress which she cannot accept because she must return to New York for an evening class that same day. "I send greetings to my friends and former colleagues. The Festival has been a most heartening experience. Thank you all for your great kindness and courtesies."

438

The role of the poetry journal. 1962. 7 leaves. 27 cm. Mss

Typescript, with holograph emendations and notation "O.K. as corrected, Louise Bogan."

In the National Poetry Festival papers, 1962.

Prepared in late November or early December 1962 for publication in the *Proceedings* of the National Poetry Festival (item 61a; see also item 433).

439

Letter, 1962 Dec. 3, New York, to Roy Basler, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 28 cm. Mss

Holograph signed.

In the National Poetry Festival papers, 1962.

Transmits the typescript of "The Role of the Poetry Journal" with her corrections. "The memory of the festival continues to be a pleasant one. I *was* sorry to miss the last day. . . . I have seen Stanley Kunitz, and heard from Morton Zabel, so that the Wednesday events were not wholly unrecorded."

440

Letter, 1968 Apr. 9, New York, to Roy P. Basler, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 20 x 15 cm. Mss

Holograph signed.

In the Whittall Poetry and Literature Fund files.

"Thank you for your letter, inviting me to participate in a poetry program (with Miss Adrienne Rich) at the Library, on Monday night, November 18. I accept with pleasure. . . ."

441
Letter, 1968 May 18, New York, to Roy P. Basler, Washington, D.C. 4 leaves. 28 cm. Mss

Typescript signed.

In the Whittall Poetry and Literature Fund files.

Concerns arrangements for her poetry reading at the Library.

442
Postcard, 1968 Nov. 11, New York, to William J. Smith, Washington, D.C. 1 p. 8 x 14 cm. Poetry

Holograph signed.

"(Forgive the p.c.! There is no heat or hot water, in this apartment. Horrors of Manhattan!)" Concerns arrangements for her poetry reading at the Library on Nov. 18.

# MUSICAL SETTING

443
Barber, Samuel. To be sung on the water. Op. 42, no. 2. New York, G. Schirmer [℗1969] score (10 p.) (Schirmer octavo no. 11644) M1584.B

For mixed chorus (SATB), with piano accompaniment for rehearsal only.

Text from *Collected Poems*.

# PHONORECORDS

The materials described here are held by the Recorded Sound Section of the Music Division.

## Discs

444
Louise Bogan reading her own poems. Library of Congress, Recording Laboratory album P1 (record P5). [1949] 2 s. 12 in. 78 rpm. (U.S. Library of Congress. Reference Dept. Twentieth century poetry in English, contemporary recordings of the poets reading their own poems)

Recorded in New York City for the Library of Congress, 1948.

Biobibliographical notes and texts (leaflet) inserted in album.

Contents.—The sleeping fury.—The alchemist.—Henceforth, from the mind.—The daemon.—Last hill in a vista.—The mark.

445
Louise Bogan, Paul Engle, Marianne Moore [and] Allen Tate reading their own poems. Library of Congress, Recording Laboratory P L2. [1953] 2 s. 12 in. 33⅓ rpm. microgroove. (Twentieth century poetry in English; contemporary recordings of the poets reading their own poems)

Title from slipcase.

"From the Archive of Recorded Poetry."

"Selected and arranged by the consultants in poetry in English and issued by the Library of Congress under a grant from the Bollingen Foundation."

Biobibliographical notes and text (4 leaflets) inserted in slipcase.

Partial contents.—The sleeping fury.—The alchemist.—Henceforth, from the mind.—The daemon.—Last hill in a vista.—The mark.

446
Louise Bogan reads her works. Carillon Records YP 308. [1961] 2 s. 12 in. 33⅓ rpm. microgroove. (Yale series of recorded poets)

Critical notes by Harold Bloom on slipcase; texts of the poems (16 p.) inserted.

Contents.—Medusa.—The romantic.—Statue and birds.—The alchemist.—Men loved wholly beyond wisdom.—Women.—Division.—The crossed apple.—Fiend's weather.—Old countryside.—Summer wish.—Henceforth, from the mind.—Man alone.—The sleeping fury.—M., singing.—Putting to sea.—Spirit's song.—Kept.—Variation on a sentence.—The dream.—"Come, sleep . . ."—March twilight.—July dawn.—The meeting.—The young mage.—Song for the last act.

447
Poets for peace. Spoken Arts SA 990. [1968] 2 s. 12 in. 33⅓ rpm. microgroove.

Recorded Nov. 12, 1967, in Town Hall, New York.

Descriptive notes by Paul Kresh on slipcase.

Miss Bogan reads "To an Artist, To Take Heart."

## Tapes

448
Reading her poetry in the Recording Laboratory, November 17 and 18, 1944. 10 in. 7½ in. per sec. (LWO 2689, reel 3)

Contents.—Fifteenth farewell.—Fiend's weather.—"Come, sleep . . ."—To be sung on the water.—Medusa.—Statue and birds.—Medusa (rereading).—Statue and birds (rereading).—The alchemist.—Fifteenth farewell (two readings).—Didactic piece.—I saw eternity.—The dream.—Division.—Hypocrite swift.

449
Reading poetry to the Writers' Club of the Library of Congress, June 4, 1946. 10 in. 7½ in. per sec. (LWO 2689, reel 2)

Contents.—Medusa.—Statue and birds.—Sonnet.—The drum.—The crossed apple.—Old countryside.—Question in a field.—Putting to sea.—Song for a lyre.—The dream.—From Heine: "Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht . . ."—I saw eternity.—For a marriage.

450
Reading poetry at ABC, New York City, October 1, 1948. 10 in. 7½ in. per sec. (LWO 1648)

Contents.—The sleeping fury.—Henceforth, from the mind.—The daemon.—Last hill in a vista.

451
Poems recorded in New York City in 1951. 10 in. 7½ in. per sec. (LWO 1963, reel 2)

Contents.—Medusa.—Women.—Cassandra.—Song for a slight voice.—Short summary.—Italian morning.—M., singing.—Kept.—Song for a lyre.—To be sung on the water.—The dream.—"Come, sleep . . ."—Evening in the sanitarium.—Song for the last act.—Hypocrite swift.—At a party.—To wine.—Didactic piece.

452
Reading her poems in New York City, August 27, 1959. 10 in. 7½ in. per sec. (LWO 2986)

Contents.—The dream.—Song for the last act.

453
Reading her poems in New York City, August 27, 1959. 10 in. 7½ in. per sec. (LWO 2987)

Contents.—March twilight.—The meeting.—July dawn.

454
Paper entitled "The role of the poetry journal," presented at the National Poetry Festival, morning session, October 22, 1962. 10 in. 7½ in. per sec. (LWO 3868, reel 1)

455
Reading her poetry at the National Poetry Festival, afternoon session, October 23, 1962. 10 in. 7½ in. per sec. (LWO 2869, reel 2)

Contents.—Old countryside.—The sleeping fury.—Evening in the sanitarium.—Song for the last act.

456
Louise Bogan and J. V. Cunningham reading and discussing their poems, with William Jay Smith moderating, in the Coolidge Audi-

torium on November 18, 1968. 2 reels (10 in.) 7½ in. per sec. (LWO 5504)

Partial contents.—Women.—Animal, vegetable and mineral.—The dream.—To be sung on the water.—Cartography.—"Come, sleep . . . "—Zone.—Psychiatrist's song.—Song for the last act.

457

Louise Bogan, Elizabeth Bishop, Robert Fitzgerald, Robert Lowell, Allen Tate, and John Hall Wheelock, chancellors of the Academy of American Poets, reading their poems in honor of the 50th anniversary of the Academy, on May 5, 1969, in the Coolidge Auditorium. 10 in. 7½ in. per sec. (LWO 5678)

Partial contents.—Medusa.—The crossed apple.—To my brother, killed: Haumont Wood: October, 1918.—Cartography.—Psychiatrist's song.

458

Louise Bogan, William Cole, and William Jay Smith reading and discussing children's literature in observance of the 50th anniversary of National Children's Book Week on November 17, 1969, in the Coolidge Auditorium. 2 reels (10 in.) 7½ in. per sec. (LWO 5854)

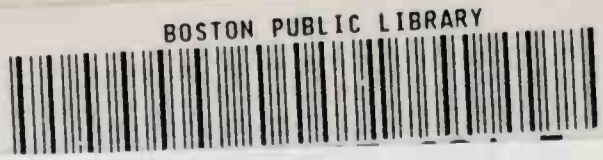
Miss Bogan reads, among other poems, her own "M., Singing."



☆ U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE : 1972 O—428-891

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



louiseboganwoman00smit

louiseboganwoman00smit

louiseboganwoman00smit

WITHDRAWN
No longer the property of the
Boston Public Library.
Sale of this material benefits the Library

Boston Public Library

Copley Square

General Library

PS3503
.0195Z87

2643373131

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library. Please do not remove cards from this pocket.